

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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BOUND TO BE A MANAGER

OR,

MAKING MONEY IN BASEBALL

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

THE FATE OF A BASEBALL FRANCHISE.

"Say, Joe, Mr. Buckley has sold the ball park to Abner Doane and he is going to some German watering-place for his health," said Dick Willis.

"The dickens he has!" exclaimed Joe Lawless, in a tone of interest.

The speakers were two boys who met in a street in Summerdale.

"Yes, the deal was put through this afternoon," said Dick.

"I'm sorry to hear that Mr. Buckley is out of baseball. He was the founder of the Silver Lake League, and he built the sport up in this locality. In fact, he put Summerdale on the map. It was a great idea to start a baseball league in this vicinity. The summer visitors took to it like ducks to water, and twice as many of them have been coming to the lake since the league was organized two years ago. Two new hotels have been built and any number of new cottages. The storekeepers of the town have been making bunches of real money since baseball became an institution on this side of the lake," said Joe, who lived in the town with his widowed mother and had played ball on the local nine.

"That's right," nodded Dick, "but I'm afraid there won't be any team in town this year."

He looked disgusted, for he, too, was a ball player.

"No team! Why not?" exclaimed Joe, in astonishment.

"Because Abner Doane doesn't think a whole lot of baseball. He's never taken any interest in the game."

"What did he buy the park for, then? The league franchise goes with the ball field."

"I heard him say he was going to turn the park into an all-around amusement resort. He said there was more money in sideshows than in baseball."

"He said that?"

"He did."

"Do you agree with him?"

"I do not," said Dick, in a decided tone.

"Did you hear anybody else coincide with him?"

"No," replied Dick.

"If he carries out his ideas, you, I and the other boys who have made money playing on the team will be out of business unless we can get a chance on the other three teams, or unless some enterprising and public-spirited person, with money comes to the fore, secures another piece of suitable ground and fits it up as a ball park."

"Nobody around here would do that. It would cost too much to fence in a large piece of land, build even a small grandstand and lay out the diamond and the outfield in as good a

shape as the park ground. It would take all the profit of two good seasons to even up the outlay, and then if anything went wrong with the Lake League the backer of the new park might meet with a considerable loss."

"I don't know what Summerdale will do this year without its ball games. The town will get a setback," growled Joe.

"The visitors can take the trolley or the boat across to Lakeport and see the games at the other places."

"That's all right, but they won't take the same interest in the sport. The visitors to this burg are all great rooters for the home team. They came to see us win. They followed us around the circuit for the same reason. What special interest will they take in seeing Lakeport beat Rockhaven, or lose to Spring Glen? I am surprised that Mr. Buckley sold the park to such a man as Abner Doane without exacting a guarantee that he would use the park for baseball during the summer."

"I guess he took it for granted that Abner Doane would use the park for the purpose for which it was constructed. With a good grandstand, a first-class diamond and well-rolled outfield it would appear almost ridiculous to try to use the park for anything but baseball, particularly when the sentiment of the town and its summer visitors is taken into consideration."

"I never took Abner for a fool. He is too hard-headed a business man to change a good policy into a poor one," said Joe.

"He's rich enough to do about as he pleases."

"I know he is, but he made his money by running his factory on a sharp business basis, and taking advantage of everything that came within his reach. It seems odd to me that he would start a new and questionable experiment at the park instead of following up and improving one that was already a success."

"That's the way I look at it, but Abner has his own way of doing things, and I guess he isn't above making mistakes, especially outside of the business he's been in most of his life. Because he's made a big success of his shoe factory is no sign that he knows how to make his sale running an amusement enterprise. Running an inside business is one thing, and catering to the general public is another."

"Your reasoning is quite correct, Dick. However, we don't know definitely just what Abner will do. He might represent this town in the Lake League, after all."

Dick Willis looked doubtful.

"We shall probably know at the end of the week. There is a meeting of the four managers on Saturday afternoon, as I believe you know. Mr. Buckley will be present to tender his resignation to the board, and to introduce his successor. Abner will attend that meeting, take my word for it, no matter what

his intentions are with respect to the park. He'll be curious to see how the baseball men do business. If after he has been elected on the board in Mr. Buckley's place he lets out his intentions, the others, who would naturally object to the loss of Summerdale from the circuit because it would mean a monetary loss to them and because there is no other town within easy reach which has a ball park, would be sure to use all their eloquence to persuade him to reconsider his views."

"They surely would do that. I wish I had the same chance Abner has to run a ball team in this town and you'd see how quick I'd do it."

"Have you the managerial bee in your bonnet?" laughed Dick.

"I admit I have. It's my greatest ambition," declared young Lawless.

"But you're the best shortstop in the league. You couldn't play ball and look after the business end, too."

"I know I couldn't, and I wouldn't try to do it. I'd sooner own and run a ball team than be a star player under salary to somebody else."

"I wouldn't. I'd rather play ball than eat," said Dick, enthusiastically.

"I like to play as well as you do, Dick. You know I've always played for the best I'm worth. But a baseball magnate is more important than a player any day, and he stands to make a good deal more money. A fellow can't play ball as the business of his life, for as he grows old he naturally becomes slower, and a ball player these days can't make the team unless he's fast, and the moment he slows up, even temporarily, he goes on the bench. A fellow is liable to throw out his arm, or sprain or break a leg, or injure himself in a dozen different ways, so that he's put out of the game for weeks, or permanently. The game to-day is altogether different to what it was twenty years ago. The public insists on getting the very best for its money. A star ball player is a hero only so long as he keeps up the pace. As soon as he's down and out it's good-night, though he may have been the mainstay of his team and the idol of the fans. There is very little sentiment about the public. It's an exhilarating sensation to stand in the limelight, but think how you feel when the interest in you wanes. I'd rather be the fellow out of sight, who pulls the strings and grows a bank balance. Take it from me, Dick, I'm bound to be a manager if I get half a chance," said Joe.

"It would suit me first-rate to play ball for you, Joe, but I'm afraid that will never be. The way things look now you'll be snapped up by the manager of the Lakeport team just as soon as it becomes certain that Abner Doane isn't going to use the Summerdale franchise, and I will probably get a berth with Rockhaven or Spring Glen."

"Look here, Dick, don't you sign with any other manager until I say the word. If I should go to Lakeport it will be conditional on you going, too. We've always played together on the same team, and I wouldn't like to play against you."

"You've expressed my own sentiments."

"Let me tell you something else. If Abner won't use the park for baseball on his own account I'm going to canvass the town for enough financial backing to make Abner a good offer for the lease of the park. If he can be assured six or seven per cent. on his investment he might take it, and give up his visionary idea of running a miniature Coney Island. It would cost him considerable money to put up buildings to house his sideshows, and even if he had a successful first season he wouldn't make a dollar. More likely the balance would be on the wrong side of his ledger."

"That's a fine idea, Joe, if you could work it," said Dick, enthusiastically.

"You leave it to me. I'll put it up to the storekeepers, the cottage owners and the managers of the hotels. They know what baseball has done for Summerdale in two years. The class of people who come here during the summer are not the people to take to cheap sideshows, believe me. Baseball is the national game. It's got a mighty strong grip on the country, and the business that has got the grip is a money-winner. Stranger things have happened in this world than that I may be the manager of the Summerdale baseball team this season, and perhaps for many seasons to come," said Joe Lawless, nodding his head in a way that showed he meant business.

"If you really think there's a chance of your pulling out in case Abner throws up the sponge, the rest of the boys, who are waiting to be signed, had better be given a quiet hint of what is on the hooks."

"It isn't necessary. The Lake League's reserve rule will hold good as long as there is the least possibility of a team

representing Summerdale this season. I'm going to be at the meeting on Saturday to learn just how the cat jumps. If Abner takes a decided stand against baseball, I'll button-hole the other managers and tell them what I intend doing, and it's a dollar to a doughnut they'll back me up in it, for they want Summerdale to remain on the circuit."

"By ginger, you're all right, Joe! I didn't dream you were so full of business. I'll bet you'd make a success as a baseball manager."

"That remains to be proved. Talk is one thing and practice another. The only way that my efficiency as a manager can be shown is for me to be put to the test. Mr. Buckley is a good business man and he ran the team successfully, though he didn't make as much out of the game as he might have done. The fact was he ran the Summerdale end of the league more for the love of the sport than because he was anxious to make money. If I run it I'll run it for all there is in it, from a financial and business point of view. You see, I need the money and he didn't."

"Hello! here comes the old man's son Clarence. He's just got home from the Wimbledon Academy for his vacation. Isn't he the dude?" said Dick.

"Yes. He looks a whole lot different to what he did when he went away," said Joe, looking at the stylishly dressed lad who was approaching them, carrying a big cane in the middle, as if it were a suitcase.

Although he was not yet a college boy, he aped the manners and dress of many of that class.

His trousers had a turn-up band, and he wore low-cut shoes, silk stockings, a checked suit, a loud tie, with a large stone ornament, and a soft hat, turned down in front and tilted rakishly over one ear.

In his mouth was a cigarette, and he eyed every girl he passed.

"I should think the sight of him would give the old man a fit," said Dick, with a grin, "for Abner has no love for anything pronounced."

"It did," laughed Joe. "I was at the railroad station yesterday when Clarence arrived. Abner was on hand to meet him. When Clarence came over to him the old man looked at him disapprovingly. 'Young man,' he said, 'you look like an idiot.' At that moment the agent came along, shook Clarence by the hand and said, 'You're looking fine! How much you resemble your father.' 'So he has been telling me,' Clarence answered, chipperly, and that was the only clever thing I ever knew him to get off."

Dick laughed heartily and then Clarence Doane came up and stopped in front of them.

CHAPTER II.

CLARENCE DOANE.

"Hello, Doane! You're looking quite swell," said Joe. "Kind of improved your looks to go away to boarding-school."

"We don't call Wimbledon Academy a boarding-school," said Clarence, loftily.

"You lived there, didn't you?"

"Of course. We have our own rooms and we dine in the refectory, but it's miles above a common boarding-school."

"I didn't insinuate that it was a common boarding-school," said Joe. "It must be something of a superior order or you wouldn't have gone there."

"It is," replied Clarence, in a very self-satisfied way. "I wouldn't have anything to do with common places or common boys."

"I suppose Dick and I should appreciate the compliment you pay us by stopping to talk to us," said Joe, ironically.

"You fellows are all right," said Clarence, in a patronizing way. "I've known you a good while, and have gone to the high school with you. You're not on the same plane as the chaps who attend Wimbledon Academy, but that isn't your fault, you know. Your folks are poor, while theirs are well off; but as long as you belong to this town and are decent fellows, I don't see any reason why I should not acknowledge your acquaintance."

The two young baseball players grinned.

Clarence had always been inclined to put on airs because his father was owner of the big shoe factory and was counted as the richest resident of the place, but the last half of his first academy term had raised him many pegs in his own es-

timation, and it was clear that he regarded himself as vastly the superior of any lad in Summerdale.

Had any of his academy mates lived in the town it is certain that he would have had nothing whatever to do with Joe Lawless and Dick Willis, or any other of his former school-mates and playfellows, whose circumstances were considerably below his own.

As he had to associate with some fellows of his own age for companionship sake, he compromised with his new dignity so far as to accept the temporary friendship of such boys as he fancied, fully resolved to shake them as soon as the sons of the rich and well-to-do summer visitors arrived on the scene.

"Well, Clarence, how did you like the academy?" asked Joe.

"I didn't like it at first. The rules and regulations were too strict to suit me, but I got used to them because I had to, and then when I got acquainted with the best of the fellows, things ran along all right."

"I suppose you intend to go to college when you graduate at the academy?"

"Certainly. Everybody that's any account goes to college."

"Then I'm afraid that Dick and I are of no account, for there is no chance of our ever attending such an institution."

"You don't need to go. Your circumstances compel you to seek an ordinary living. A college education would be of no use to you. You see, I'm going to be a lawyer—not a common one like Smith or Jones of this town, who are only ordinary court lawyers—but a big corporation lawyer, whose services command anywhere from \$1,000 up, as a retaining fee. I suppose you know what a retaining fee is? That's the first payment, and is merely a drop in the bucket where a big case is involved."

"I thought you were going to succeed your father in the factory."

"No; I shall hire a manager to run the factory. A manufacturer is all right in his way, you know, but my father's factory isn't a big one as compared with the corporations of the country. You see, my governor isn't ambitious to distinguish himself like me. He never went to an academy and a college, and consequently his ideas of things are old-fogyish. Things are different now to what they were when he was a boy. College education was not considered so much the proper caper as it is now. Business wasn't conducted on such a big scale, either. There were no trusts or gigantic corporations. Every tub stood on its own bottom, and competition kept a fellow's nose to the grindstone. All that is changed now. Individual industries have come together, joined hands, you know, and have been merged into nice fat monopolies that limit the output and establish one price that allows a big profit to the insiders. A fellow can get rich in a year now, where before it took him all his life to make less money."

Clarence discussed the subject as if it were a favorite topic and one in which he took great interest.

"Then you expect to duplicate all your father has made in the past twenty-five years or so in a year or two when you get to be a big corporation lawyer," said Joe.

"Nothing is more certain," replied Clarence. "But don't let us discuss the subject, for you probably wouldn't understand it, nor feel interested if I went into it."

Joe and Dick looked at each other.

Clarence evidently considered his mental standing as 'way above theirs, though he graduated from the high school several points below them.

The academy must have done wonders for him, or he wished to make it appear that it had.

"I hear you fellows have been playing baseball during the summer for money," went on Clarence. "You class yourselves as professionals now."

"I suppose we come under that head, for when an athlete accepts pay for his services he ceases to be regarded as an amateur," said Joe.

"I know, but there are loads of amateurs who can put it all over some of the professionals. I guess our academy ball team could beat any nine in the Lake League."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I saw what the league chaps put up in the way of baseball last summer and the year before. In my opinion it was nothing to brag about. I don't suppose the clubs paid much in the way of salaries."

"No, we didn't get quite as much, proportionately, as is paid in the major leagues."

"In the major leagues! I should say not. Nor in the bush

leagues, either. We played the Hampden Interstate League team and we beat them hands down. I pitched for our team."

"You did! I didn't know you were much of a ball player. You remember you tried to make the town team last year, were given a trial and the boys knocked you out of the box in the first inning."

"I didn't have a fair chance; besides, I've learned a great deal since. I expect to tender my services, free, to the Summerdale club this summer."

"You'll have no difficulty in getting on the team if there is one."

"Of course not. Mr. Buckley will be proud to secure me. But why do you say 'if there is one?' Has the league busted up?"

"Oh, no; but Mr. Buckley is out of the game."

"Is that so? Somebody else will take his place, of course."

"I don't know. Haven't you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Your father has purchased the ball park, and the franchise goes with it."

"He has! That's news to me. He didn't tell me anything about it."

"Dick is the best pitcher in the Lake League. He practically health is poor. He has to go to Europe to be cured."

"And he sold the park to my father?"

"So Dick has just told me."

"That's right," nodded Dick.

"Oh, if my father has bought the park there'll be a team here, all right, and I'll be manager and chief pitcher of it."

"In that case I suppose you'll engage all the old team?" said Joe.

"I don't know about that. I might hire you two. You're a pretty good shortstop, and Willis can pitch some. I could use him to help me out."

"Dick is the best pitcher in the Lake League. He practically won the pennant for Summerdale last year."

"I only saw a few games, as I was away in the mountains. If you are so good, Willis, I'll take you on; but I must see you work first. If you please me I'll give you a few pointers, and probably you'll be able to pitch in every other game."

"You must have improved remarkably if you can do any better than Dick," said Joe. "He made a record during the final games last summer."

"Recollect, I had the advantages of a trainer. Our team was coached by one of the New England League pitchers—a chap who is good enough to be in a major league club."

"That was an advantage, of course. Dick has picked up all his points from college pitchers who have been down here, and improved on them. However, we won't talk about that. What I want to say is this: Your father is not a baseball adherent, and Dick heard him say that he was not going to use the park for baseball this year, but for some other kind of amusement in which he thinks there is more money."

"Who did you hear him say that to?" asked Clarence, turning to Dick.

Willis mentioned the names of the two persons.

"Oh, I'll fix that," said Clarence, confidently. "I'll tell my governor that I will manage the team, and he needn't bother about the park at all."

"If your father has bought the park with certain ideas of his own in view you may find that he won't listen to you," said Joe.

"You leave the thing to me. I'll show him that I haven't been to the academy for nothing. It will suit me first-rate to manage the Summerdale team. I know two or three professional players—men who have jumped their contracts with the big leagues because they were not offered the salary they are entitled to. They'll put backbone in our team and we'll go through the Lake League like a knife through soft butter. We'll win every game and cop the pennant hands down."

"It would be foolish to make your team too strong. If the people around here knew that one of the four teams was practically certain of winning every game it took part in they'd lose interest in those games and they wouldn't draw much of a gate."

"Pooh! It's the strongest team that draws the most money," asserted Clarence. "People want to see classy ball."

"I don't think players who have been outlawed by the National Baseball Commission are the proper kind of timber to have in the Lake League. I know Mr. Buckley wouldn't hire such men, no matter how much their presence might strengthen his team."

"Mr. Buckley isn't a sharp baseball manager, then. I'll bet I'll have a better team here than he had last summer. I'll show the summer people real live baseball. I'll fill the park at every game on our grounds."

"Then if your father gives in to you you intend to make a good many changes in the team as it stands now?"

"I certainly will. If I keep three or four it will be as many as I'm likely to sign, and they'll have to work cheap."

"We're all working cheap as it is. The salary limit is \$100 for the two months. Dick, I and two or three others got that last summer, and the others have been promised a fifty per cent. raise for winning the pennant."

"I've nothing to do with Mr. Buckley's promises. Any arrangements he's made do not count, now that he has sold the park. I wouldn't pay \$100 to any local player, but I'd give \$200 or \$300 to a well-known professional, or even more."

Joe and Dick saw that if the Summerdale team came under Clarence Doane's management that they wouldn't cut much figure on it.

Both mentally resolved that they wouldn't play ball for Clarence for a cent under what they got last year.

They would ask for their release, and if they got it, and they guessed Clarence would give it to them as soon as not if he could afford to hire regular professionals, they'd go over to the Lakeport team, the manager of which would take them both in a minute, for they were admittedly two of the best players in the Lake League.

Joe had made a batting average of 410, while Willis had pitched eleven out of twenty-one games and won eight of them.

The conversation broke up with Clarence's last statement, and Joe and Dick walked off together, leaving the factory owner's son to pursue his own way.

CHAPTER III.

JOE AT HOME.

"I'm afraid this new turn of affairs will block my managerial plans," said Joe. "If Clarence gets his father to alter his plans, and let him run the team and the park there will be no use of me doing anything."

"That's right," nodded Dick. "Clarence would make a mighty poor manager, and the chances are there would be trouble in the league before half the schedule had been played."

"His father would probably lose money, and it would be like the old man to disband the team and close up the park the moment he saw how things were going."

"Well, things will have to rest until Saturday, by which time something definite may come to the surface."

By that time the boys had reached Joe's home, where his widowed mother lived in a pretty little cottage left her free and clear by her husband, together with a little money in bank, for the late George Lawless, a builder by trade, had been an industrious and provident man.

"Good-by, Dick! Come around after supper," said Joe, opening the garden gate.

"I will unless my father has something for me to do."

Dick then walked off.

Since the first of the previous October the two boys had been working for a surveyor named John Flint.

It was understood between them and their boss that when the Lake League season opened with the morning game on July Fourth, and continued thereafter till Labor Day—a period of two months—they were to have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off to play ball with the Summerdale team.

Flint was something of a baseball fan himself, and always attended the games when he could, rooting for Summerdale to win.

The same arrangement would doubtless hold good if Summerdale had no team that year, and the two boys went to Lakeport, a good-sized manufacturing town a mile distant on the other side of the lake, or to either Rockhaven, at the northern end of the lake, or Spring Glen, a large village a mile from the lake, both reached from Summerdale and Lakeport by trolley.

Joe had two sisters, one of whom carried on a rising millinery and dressmaking business on the main street of the town.

Her brother's prominence as a clever ball player on the local team had made him many friends among the summer colony, and he got his sister some business from the lady visitors.

She was such a nice, attractive girl that she had made herself a favorite with all the cottagers she had come in contact

with, and she enjoyed a practical monopoly of any trade they had to give out, which, of course, was not a great deal, as they came to Summerdale well provided, but still there was always something wanted, and she was called on to provide it.

Joe's younger sister helped her mother keep house, and when Joe entered the cottage he found her in the kitchen, preparing supper.

"Hello, Nellie! I'm back again, like a bad penny," said her brother, kissing her.

"You mustn't compare yourself to a bad penny. You're anything but bad, brother, dear."

"Where's mother?"

"She went around to see Mrs. Brown, who is sick. She'll be back presently."

"I suppose we'll have supper in the course of events?"

"It's almost ready now."

"That's good news, for I'm as hungry as any hard worker."

"Did you have a hard day?"

"Joe and I and the boss surveyed old Doubleday's farm, and you can gamble on it we three did some walking this afternoon."

"Is Mr. Doubleday going to sell his place?"

"No; I think he's raising money on a mortgage."

"Does the farm have to be surveyed to get a mortgage?"

"I should smile it does. The Summerdale Bank is mighty particular about the security it takes. It wants everything down in black and white and properly certified by Mr. Flint, who is the official county surveyor."

"Do you hope to be a surveyor one of these days?"

"I'd rather be the manager of a baseball team and the owner of a league franchise."

"Your head is full of baseball, Joe," smiled his sister.

"It's well there's something in it, even if it isn't as well stored as Clarence Doane believes his head is."

"Dear me, Clarence Doane doesn't know so much. He was way down in the high school graduating class."

"That's all right, but you ought to see him now, after a year at Wimbledon Academy. Talk about dudes. He's a picture."

"So you told us last night. You said you met him at the station when he got home yesterday afternoon."

"So I did. I forgot about it. Dick and I met him a little while ago up the street, and he looked gayer than yesterday. I guess he expects to drive all the girls in town crazy by his shape and style."

"His appearance won't affect me any. I never liked him a bit. He isn't my style."

"You don't want to forget that his father is counted rich, and that Clarence will some day come in for all his property. Besides, he expects to become a big corporation lawyer and make a raft of money."

"He'd make a pretty lawyer," laughed the girl, derisively. "He hasn't got brains enough. You've got to be smart to make a good lawyer."

"I guess you have. Ah, here comes mother. And we shall have supper as soon as Jessie gets home from her shop."

"We needn't wait for her, because she is often delayed, you know."

Supper was put on the table in a few minutes and Joe ate like a hungry boy.

Jessie came in soon after they commenced and took her seat at the table.

"How's business to-day, Jess?" asked Joe.

"What a question! You know this is my busy time," replied his sister.

"That's so. I'm always asking fool questions, though I consider myself as smart as the next fellow."

"You're smart enough. I wouldn't own you if you wasn't."

"What a calamity that would be! Did you see Clarence Doane on Main street this afternoon?"

"No, I've got something better to do than look out at the passersby. Besides, I have no particular interest in Clarence Doane."

"Mr. Buckley has sold the ball park to Abner Doane, and Clarence expects to manage the team this summer."

"You don't mean it!" cried his sister.

"I wish I didn't, but unfortunately it's the truth—I mean about Abner Doane having bought the park. That Clarence will manage the place is another question altogether. Dick says that Abner intends to cut out baseball and establish a lot of cheap sideshows in the grounds."

"If he does that you won't play ball this summer."

"Don't worry about me not playing if Summerdale is taken off the baseball map. I can get a job with Lakeport in a

minute, or with either of the other teams. A shortstop of my distinguished ability doesn't have to go begging for a chance to play ball. Any team that angles for me will have to take Dick, too; but after the way he finished last season there is no fear he won't land a job as quick as I will."

Joe then told his mother and sisters how he was figuring on going around town and trying to secure backing to lease the park from Abner.

"I'm afraid my scheme will be knocked out by Clarence, for he will naturally have the call with his father, provided the old man will give up his own plans, which strikes me as doubtful, for he's a stubborn old chap. Take it from me that Clarence's swell appearance isn't doing him any good with his father. Abner never put on any style himself, and he doesn't like it in his son. I wouldn't be surprised if Clarence's academy airs will kill his chances of getting hold of the park."

"Do you think you could manage the park successfully?" asked Jessie.

"If I didn't I wouldn't consider the matter. I am pretty well up in baseball matters outside of the playing field. Last summer, when I was out of the game on account of a sprain I got in sliding for second, I helped Mr. Buckley at the business end, and I didn't let anything get away from me, for it has always been my ambition to run a ball team. There's money in it."

At that point Dick came in, said howdy-do all around and Joe got up and took him to his room, where they had another conference on the subject of baseball.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEAGUE MEETING.

At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon Mr. Buckley, representing the Summerdale franchise of the Lake League, walked into the Crystal Lake Inn with Abner Doane, and proceeded to a private room, where he found already assembled and waiting for him the other three managers of the Lake League—Harry Gordon, of Lakeport; John Kingsford, of Rockhaven, and Wm. Beaseley, of Spring Glen.

"How do you do, Mr. Buckley?" said Gordon, shaking hands with him. "Glad to see you!"

The other two gentlemen greeted him in similar fashion, and then all looked inquiringly at Abner Doane, whom they knew as the Summerdale shoe manufacturer.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Buckley, "it is with regret that I am obliged, owing to my poor health, to sever my connection with the Silver Lake Baseball League."

His words acted like a dash of cold water on the other managers, who recognized Mr. Buckley as the father of the league.

"I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. Kingsford, and the others said the same, and it was clear they meant it.

"I have sold the park with the franchise, the latter subject to your confirmation, to Mr. Abner Doane, of this town, whom you all know by reputation, conditionally, of course, that he either manages the Summerdale team this season, or leases the ground during the nine weeks of the schedule to some responsible person who will manage it."

"Hold on," put in Abner, "I didn't agree to no such conditions."

"You didn't? They're in the contract which we signed in duplicate."

"If they are, which I didn't notice, you'll have to take them out or the deal is off. I don't intend to run baseball at that park, but something else more profitable."

Mr. Buckley stared at the shoe manufacturer.

"It's funny that you didn't know the exact contents of the paper you signed."

"I'm pretty careful about signing papers, said Abner. "If that matter was in it you must have put it in afterward, which ain't legal."

"I am surprised that you should say such a thing, Mr. Doane. My lawyer drew up the papers, one of which was submitted to your inspection before you were asked to sign. Nothing was added after our signatures were affixed."

"Then I don't understand it," said Abner, hemming and hawing.

As a matter of fact, he knew all about it, but had hoped to evade the clause after getting possession of the property.

He imagined the question would not be brought up until after Mr. Buckley had sailed for Europe, which he intended doing directly after the title was passed, which Abner intended to have rushed through as soon as it could be done.

"Well, you understand it now," said Mr. Buckley.

"But I don't agree to using the park for baseball at all this summer."

"I am sorry, but I can hold you to your contract."

"I don't call that fair," protested the old man.

"Perhaps we can find somebody to take it off your hands," said Harry Gordon, the youngest of the managers, who did not fancy admitting Doane, anyway, as a member of the Silver Lake League.

"Well, you get somebody, then, and I'll sell it to him for \$500 advance," said the manufacturer, hoping to make by the transaction.

"No, sir; if we try to find a man to relieve you of a contract you wish to repudiate you may be thankful if you are not required to pay a premium yourself," said Gordon.

"I reckon you're all taking an advantage of me," said Doane, angrily.

"Look here, Mr. Doane, rather than have you throw out such an unfair insinuation against my brother managers, who, I assure you, are perfectly straightforward business men, I will cancel that agreement and try to find another purchaser for the park, though it may seriously incommode me," said Mr. Buckley.

"That suits me," said the old man. "Here is my copy of the contract. You can return me my deposit."

"You shall have your deposit on Monday, sir, but I shall deduct from it the expense I have been put to so far."

"How much will that be?"

"I couldn't tell you until I see my lawyer, but it will not hurt you much."

"All right. You can send your check to the factory office. I will now take my leave."

With a slight nod to the league managers, collectively, the shoe manufacturer walked out of the room and the inn.

Joe Lawless was downstairs in the public room, waiting to see how things turned out, and he was surprised to see Abner take his departure alone.

"Something is up," he thought. "I wonder what it is? The old man looks huffed. I guess pressure was brought to bear on him to use the park to carry out the schedule which has been prepared, and he put up a strenuous objection. As he has a hold on the park the question is, will he give in?"

Had Joe known that the deal between Mr. Buckley and Abner Doane had been called off he would have been hugely delighted.

However, he began to entertain hopes that things might come his way somehow.

After the departure of the shoe manufacturer the four managers conferred together as to what could be done toward getting somebody acceptable to the league to take the park off Mr. Buckley's hands.

"If it wasn't for the fact that I need the money I'd hold on to the park and simply look for a lessee," said Buckley.

"Do you need all the money?" asked Harry Gordon.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll be frank with you. I am in a pretty bad way, physically, my physician says. Nothing short of the Spa baths will save me, and even they may prove a failure. In that case I shall die. Not a pleasant prospect, I assure you, but," with a shrug of his shoulders, "we all have got to die some time, so why should I complain if heaven has decreed that I must go before I want to. Healthier men than me, well men, I might say, are likely to precede me, through accident or otherwise. Life is but a lottery, after all—a game of chance—and Death comes when he is least expected. I want to put my house in order—settle up my business affairs—so if the worst comes my wife may not have any more trouble on her hands than is absolutely necessary," said Mr. Buckley.

"We understand you, Mr. Buckley," said Kingsford, "and you may depend on us doing our best to help you out."

"Thank you, gentlemen. It is what I might expect of you. We have pulled together like brothers these past two seasons, and if I have one regret it is the necessity of parting company with you," said Buckley, with some emotion.

There was a short silence and then Gordon said:

"Will you call the meeting to order, Mr. Buckley?"

Buckley did so, and Gordon, as secretary of the board, read the minutes of the final meeting of the league at the end of the previous season.

They were accepted as read.

"Mr. President," said Kingsford.

Buckley nodded.

"The pennant having been duly awarded to Summerdale, which won out by a Garrison finish, owing to the splendid box work of Dick Willis and the batting and brilliant fielding of young Lawless, we have really nothing to do but for the

committee of two, composed of Messrs. Beaseley and Gordon, to submit this season's schedule and vote upon it," continued Kingsford. "But before one of us makes a motion to that effect I move that a special committee of two be appointed to secure a purchaser for Summerdale Park who will consider the interests of the league as his own."

"Second the motion," said Gordon.

The president stated the motion and then put it before the members.

It was carried, as a matter of course.

"I appoint Harry Gordon and John Kingsford on that committee," said Buckley, "and they will report to me personally as soon as they can do so."

The committee on schedule submitted that brief document, which embraced the usual twenty-one dates, calling for forty-two games.

The short season was to open on July 4, with morning games between Lakeport and Summerdale, at Lakeport; and Rockhaven and Spring Glen, at Rockhaven.

The afternoon games were between Summerdale and Rockhaven, at Summerdale; and Lockport and Spring Glen, at Spring Glen.

The four teams were to play each other in order on each Wednesday and Saturday afternoons thereafter, the season winding up with the afternoon games on Labor Day, which fell that year on September 7.

In the event of a tie between two of the teams it was to be played off on the following Saturday on the grounds of one of the non-contestants.

The schedule was approved and adopted.

The managers were authorized to sign their players under the salary limit rule, which had been placed low in order to discourage the signing of real professions who might be at liberty owing to disagreements, or for some other reason.

The Summerdale players were to continue under reserve, to be turned over to the new manager, whoever he might be.

The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the president, who was to continue in office until his successor was chosen.

CHAPTER V.

JOE SUBMITS HIS PROPOSITION.

The four managers walked downstairs to the bar to take a drink before separating.

Joe walked up to Mr. Buckley and shook hands with him.

"I understand, sir, that you have sold the park to Abner Doane," said Joe.

"I did sell it to him, but as he has declined to use the grounds for the Lake League games this season the deal is off, and another man must be found," replied Buckley.

"Then I would like to submit a proposition."

"You?" exclaimed Buckley, in some surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"I think it would be better if I stated the matter before the entire Board of Managers, because the matter will probably have to be discussed so that a decision can be reached at once, as there is no time to be lost if the thing is to be put in operation," said Joe.

Buckley looked at the boy, reflectively.

He wondered what scheme his shortstop had in his mind.

"Is this a plan of your own, or do you know some person financially able to buy the park for whom you are acting?"

"The plan is entirely my own, and I believe I can put it through if I receive the friendly support of yourself and the other managers."

"Well, the failure of Mr. Doane to stand by the terms of the contract I made with him has seriously interfered with the plans I had in view for taking an early steamer for Europe. I have appointed a special committee to try and help me out, and I will introduce you to the two gentlemen so that you can lay your plan before them. If the committee thinks favorably of your proposition they will report to me on Monday, and I will consider it and act upon it if it meets with my approval."

"Don't you think that is a waste of time? Now that you and the other managers are here on the spot, wouldn't it be better if you would all listen to my proposition and either accept or turn it down at once?"

"I will speak to the other gentlemen and see what they say," said Buckley, who then walked over to the bar where his managerial friends were awaiting him.

They had their drinks and then Buckley told them that Joe Lawless, his crack young shortstop, had some proposition to

submit to all the board, which embodied the purchase of the park, he understood, and its continuance as a ball field.

The gentlemen decided that they would return to their meeting-room and listen to what the boy had to say.

This was accordingly done, Joe being invited to accompany them.

"You all know Joe Lawless, gentlemen," said Buckley, presenting the lad.

"We all know him as the best all-around ball player in the league," said Harry Gordon, "and I also enjoy his personal acquaintance."

"Gentlemen, I have come forward with my proposition with the idea that the price Mr. Buckley wants for the park is a reasonable one," began Joe. "I figure that it must be to have caught the attention of Abner Doane, who is not a person to pay fancy figures for anything he is after unless there is a good deal more in it than there can possibly be in the ball park."

"The price agreed on between myself and Mr. Doane was a very reasonable one, I assure you. Taking in consideration the improvements, which make it a complete ball grounds, it is cheap, and it has been used to advantage for other purposes besides baseball," said Buckley.

"I will now state my plan in a few words. It is this: I propose to canvass the storekeepers, the hotel people and cottage owners for subscriptions to a fund large enough to buy the park. These subscriptions are to be taken in sums of \$5 or any multiple of that amount, and will entitle the subscriber to a certificate showing an interest in the property as purchased. The property is to be held by the Board of League Management in trust for the subscribers for a time for a company to be known as the Summerdale Amusement Company. As soon as the company is formed, the subscription certificates shall be exchanged for certificates of stock in the company, the value of one share of stock to be placed at \$5. As the present baseball season is now practically upon us I shall offer my services as manager, or I will lease the park for the season from the trustees, provided the trustees are willing to accept my bid and have the necessary confidence in my ability to run the Summerdale team through the season without a hitch. Of course, gentlemen, in that case I shall not play ball, as it will take all my time and energy to look after my venture, but I'll see that my team has a good player in my place," said Joe.

The four gentlemen listened to the boy's proposition with not a little interest.

It was a good one if it could be put through.

Harry Gordon took to it with some enthusiasm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the proposition advanced by Joe Lawless is the very thing in my mind to cover the situation, and I believe it will work, too. The price asked by Mr. Buckley for the park as it stands is \$10,000, and the ground itself if cut up into building lots, as it is bound to be some day, would fetch double that sum. The grandstand and other improvements at the four grounds were built after one plan and erected at the contract price of \$25,000, which was divided pro rata among us, consequently we can figure the value of the improvements as being worth say \$6,000. Figuring the present value of the land at \$7,000, which is really low, the purchaser of the park would practically get \$13,000 for his money. Under Lawless' plan it will be necessary to raise \$10,000 cash to put the thing through. I should think this could easily be secured in this town, the business people of which owe so much of their summer prosperity to the baseball league. Two thousand shares of stock, temporarily represented by subscription certificates, at a par value of \$5, would do the business. Gentlemen, I am in favor of accepting Lawless' plan and authorizing him to go ahead and see what he can do to make it a success. We will give him a week to make a showing. In six days his efforts will show whether the scheme is likely to take with the people most interested in the summer prosperity of Summerdale. We can meet here next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock to hear his report. If it shows results the problem facing us will be practically solved, and Mr. Buckley will be able to get away almost as soon as though Abner Doane had stood by his contract. In conclusion, I will say I have known Joe Lawless for several years, and I have considered him an unusually smart boy. I believe he would make a first-class baseball manager, and I should certainly vote to let him manage the Summerdale park and team this summer. I am sure he would make a success of it. In any case, as he is the father of this plan to extricate Mr. Buckley and ourselves from a rather serious dilemma, he would have the first call on our consideration. Gentlemen, I shall be

pleased to hear your views on the subject," said Harry Gordon, sitting down.

Mr. Kingsford, as the other member of the special committee, took the floor and said that he fully coincided with all his colleague had said, and, assuming the chairmanship of the committee by reason of his age, he moved that the Lawless plan be given a week's trial.

Mr. Beaseley seconded the motion, saying that he concurred in Mr. Gordon's views.

"Before putting the motion to a vote, gentlemen," said Buckley, "I will say that I think well of the scheme myself. I will also say that I have known Joe Lawless since he was a little boy, and I have the very highest opinion of him in every way. That he would make a capable manager I also believe. Last summer, while out of the game, owing to an injury suffered on the field, he assisted me in the general management of the park, and he also looked after the team and the finances, while the team played one game in Rockhaven and another in Spring Glen. His work in that respect was quite satisfactory to me, and were it consistent with my interests to hold on to the park while I went to Europe I should appoint Lawless as my manager while I was away. I will say further that to encourage Joe Lawless and help him make his plan a success, I will, myself, take one-tenth of the purchase price of the park out in subscription certificates."

The other managers clapped their hands at the last remark. "If the subscription list falls short," said Harry Gordon, "I guarantee to take \$100 worth of certificates."

"I will take another \$100 worth," said Kingsford.

Beaseley said he'd take \$100 worth, too.

"Gentlemen," said Joe, "I thank you for your favorable consideration of my plan. I feel certain it will succeed. I have talked the matter over with several members of the team and every one of them is so enthusiastic over it that they have agreed to take their season's pay out in certificates. That will represent another fifth of the amount, but in order to avail ourselves of their offer the money will have to be advanced, or sent to Mr. Buckley at the close of the season. Possibly he might be willing to accept a kind of mortgage note executed by the trustees. If this is not considered advisable I will not accept the players' offer. If, when the company is formed, the members of the team still wish to get an interest in the park the capital stock can be increased to say 2,500 shares, which will provide a cash balance in the treasury."

The managers nodded, and then the proposition was put to vote and carried.

"As the manager of the Summerdale team and of the park you will be one of us, Joe," said Harry Gordon, "and I'll see that you hold on to your berth."

"Thank you, Mr. Gordon; you and the rest of the board will find that I'll hold my end up, and that I'll give you a good fight for the pennant."

There being nothing further to detain them, the gentlemen left the inn with Joe, who felt tickled to death over the opportunity that appeared to be within his grasp.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE LAKE.

Joe was full of enthusiasm when he met Dick down the street and told him that Abner Doane's deal for the park had fallen through, and his scheme to secure financial backing to purchase the property had met with the approval of the managers of the league.

"That's good news," said Dick. "We'll have baseball in Summerdale this year as usual, and Clarence Doane won't be the manager of the park, as we feared he might become, through his father."

"You mustn't forget that he is going to offer his services free as a pitcher, and from the way he talks about his ability as a slab artist he expects to play first fiddle. If you want to know my opinion, I think he's a bag of wind. If I run the park I'll give him a trial and we'll see what he amounts to."

"I hope you'll take a whack at him yourself with the bat. He'll be a good one if he can prevent you from hitting the ball to any extent," said Dick.

"We'll see about that when the time comes. Just now I have a big contract on my hands—I've got to do some tall hustling next week after capital. If the people I visit don't respond cheerfully they don't deserve to have the benefit which baseball has brought their way."

"I agree with you," nodded Dick.

"I think I'll start the ball rolling right away. There is Mr. Jones in front of his hotel. I'll see what he thinks of my plan."

Joe walked up to the hotel man, who knew the boy by sight as one of the town league team.

The boy lost no time in putting the matter before Jones.

At first the hotel man said he didn't care to subscribe anything.

"Don't you know, Mr. Jones, that you've done more business in the summer since the league went into operation?"

"What of it?"

"Suppose there is no baseball in this town this summer, you'll find there will be a falling off in your business, and it will be much worse next year."

"I doubt it."

"I am sorry you doubt it, but a man of your experience in the hotel business ought to see the advantage that a league team is to this town."

"As long as we have a park fitted up for baseball we'll have the games."

"Abner Doane had arranged to buy the park and turn it into a sideshow amusement enterprise if the league people hadn't blocked him. Had he been able to carry out his plans there would have been no baseball here this summer. The league, through me, is going to raise the necessary capital to buy the park so as to keep Summerdale in the circuit. The \$100 that I expect you to invest is not like an ordinary subscription. Some time in September an amusement company will be formed, and you will receive \$100 worth of stock in it. That stock will give you a pro rata ownership with the other subscribing stockholders in a piece of property worth at least \$3,000 more than it will cost," said Joe.

Jones became interested as soon as he found that his subscription was to be returned to him in the shape of stock in an amusement company, and he asked Joe for more particulars.

Fifteen minutes later Joe secured a memorandum agreement from the hotel man that he would subscribe \$250 if the project was endorsed by Mr. Buckley.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. I'll get the endorsement. I'm glad you asked for it. I ought to have thought about getting Mr. Buckley's endorsement in the first place, for it is bound to save me a lot of argument."

Joe went straight to Mr. Buckley's house, showed him the hotel man's agreement and suggested that he drew up a paper outlining the scheme and endorsing it.

The gentleman obligingly did so, and Joe took it away with him.

At supper that evening Joe told his mother and sisters all that had occurred at the inn that afternoon between himself and the managers of the Silver Lake League.

"I'd like to take some stock myself," he said, "but as I expect to lease the park and run the team, I'll need all the money I can scrape together to set the ball rolling. I will have to borrow some of your surplus change, Jessie, if you'll let me have it, and mother will have to furnish some backing, too. I'll have to pay a good many bills, for one thing or another, before the season opens on the Fourth of July. There are eleven games on the home grounds and ten away from Summerdale. I will have the advantage at the start, at any rate, of a team that won the pennant last year, and if we make a good showing right along the interest in the team will hold and we will draw the money."

"You talk as if everything was decided," said Jessie.

"Nothing is decided yet, but as I have already promises on 310 shares of stock, not counting 100 more that the players want to take, I think there is no doubt about things going through. As to becoming the manager, under a lease, I have the backing of one of the managers right now, and only need the approval of another to make it certain. As I am working to save Summerdale to the league, you may be sure that all the managers will vote the lease to me as a reward for my endeavors."

"Why not let the league make you manager under a salary?"

"Then I wouldn't make the profits I see in the scheme. One new kink I'm going to work that hasn't been thought of before in the league. That's the score-card as an advertising medium. I'm going to improve on it. Instead of the single piece of cardboard with the score diagram on each side, which has been sold for five cents, I am going to have a four-page cover with at least six pages of advertising, leaving the two middle pages for the double score-card. I'll sell the inside and back outside cover space for the eleven home dates, and have the first page engraved and printed in colors to make it at-

tractive. People will think they are getting a whole lot for their nickel then, but it will only be advertising matter, with the exception of a space reserved for the league schedule, which will keep the spectators informed about where the teams play on the different dates. That of itself is something new, too," said Joe.

"You ought to make a good profit out of that," said his sister.

"I expect to. We sold between three and four thousand cards last season at the eleven gates. With a bright cover, in stitched form, I ought to sell all of 5,000 this season. At any rate, I intend to take the advertisements on the basis of 5,000 guaranteed circulation, or 500 to a game. I will try to get all the advertisements for the season, which would save me the time and trouble of chasing around each week after new ones to replace those taken out."

"I think that's a grand idea, Joe."

"There's nothing grand about it. I wonder none of the other managers haven't put it into practice. It's done on an extended scale on all big league grounds."

"I suppose you have other schemes up your sleeve?"

"Maybe I have, sis, but they're not developed yet."

Joe had the Boston addresses of three college boys whose parents came to Summerdale every year.

Two of these lads played on the Summerdale team without pay in order to hold their amateur rating, which they were obliged to do or be disbarred from the college nine.

Joe wrote them each a letter that night, telling them that the opportunity was theirs if they spoke at once to buy stock in the new company to be formed to take over the park property and the Crystal Lake Baseball League franchise.

"You can buy certificates at \$5 apiece, each of which will entitle you to a share in the capital stock of the company. It wouldn't be a bad investment for you. As the majority of the temporary certificates will probably be sold during the coming week, you have no time to lose if you want to get in on this thing," wrote Joe.

He mailed the letters that night, and they went out by the one morning train which ran on Sunday.

Joe called on his boss, Mr. Flint, and told him that he wanted to take the whole of the next week off.

"What for?" asked the surveyor. "I don't know that I can get along without your service. I've got you broken in on my work and your absence would incommode me considerably."

"I'll tell you why I want to get off," said Joe, who then explained the baseball situation to him.

After some demur Flint agreed to let him off.

Joe, however, said nothing to the surveyor about his intention of becoming manager of the Summerdale park, because that meant that a good part of his time would be taken up during June, July and August, attending to his own business, so that he would be practically out of the surveying field for about three months.

On Sunday afternoon he and Dick hired a sailboat and went out on the lake, for they were almost as much interested in boating as they were in baseball.

There was a smacking breeze that carried the boat along at a fine rate.

The Doane property backed on the lake and had a private wharf.

Clarence owned a handsome sailboat and often went out in her.

He was no great boatman, but he had great confidence in his abilities in that line.

He always managed to pull through without meeting with any mishaps, which was due to good luck more than to good management.

On this afternoon Clarence persuaded a young lady, whose acquaintance he had made the previous summer, to take a sail with him, on assuring her mother he was thoroughly proficient in the management of a boat.

The young lady's name was Dora Darling, and she was a very pretty and lively girl of seventeen years.

Her father, who was a wealthy Boston merchant, owned one of the best cottages on the lake shore in the Summerdale summer colony.

This year his health having suffered from too close application at his business, his physician had advised him to start his annual vacation a month earlier, so he had opened his cottage a full thirty days before the summer season began.

His cottage was the only one occupied at this time, and his daughter, being thrown a good deal on her own resources, was

rather glad when Clarence turned up, though he was no particular favorite of hers.

Joe and Dick had been out about an hour on the lake when they rounded a point and saw another boat directly ahead of them, containing a boy and a girl.

"That must be Clarence," said Joe, "for I recognize his boat. I wonder who he's got with him?"

"Some girl of his acquaintance he is trying to impress with the idea that he's a great boatman, I'll bet," replied Dick. "I think she's taking chances going with him in such a breeze, for if something should happen and he loses his head, as he's likely to do, she would be placed in a position of great danger."

"It's a-blowing a bit harder than when we started. Clarence is carrying a full spread of sail, which I call risky for him to do. He ought to get the girl to hold the tiller while he takes a couple of reefs in his mainsail."

"What he ought to do and what he is doing are two different things. Take it from me, he is trying to show off, and he considers it plucky to take a risk. I think, for the young lady's sake, we'd better follow them."

Hardly were the words out of Dick's mouth than a sharp gust of wind careened the boat the ywere interested in and the sheet slipped out of Clarence's hand.

The wind carried the boom far beyond his reach, and the sailboat began to wallow in the choppy waters.

Such an accident was liable to happen to any careless boatman under the same conditions, and had Clarence done the right thing he would have tried to bring the boat's head up into the wind with the helm, which would have caused the boom to swing back and have given him the chance to recover the sheet.

But Clarence made no effort to do the right thing.

The accident rattled him and all he did was to gaze blankly at the boom, which thrashed the water with each roll of the boat.

While the position of the pair was not absolutely dangerous at the moment, it was disquieting and uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something, Mr. Doane?" asked Miss Darling, nervously.

"I—I don't see what I can do," he said, as nervous as his companion.

"We shall be capsized and drowned, for we're half a mile from the shore. Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't come with you. I thought you could be depended on. You told my mother that what you didn't know about a boat wasn't worth talking about. You had no right to deceive us so. Oh, dear! what—oh, there's a boat following us. Why don't you call for help?"

Clarence looked around and recognized Joe and Dick in the approaching boat.

The idea of appealing to them went against his grain.

Instead, he dropped the tiller, picked up the boat-hook and made a useless attempt to reach the end of the boom.

In doing so he careened the boat so far over that Miss Darling sprang up with a shriek and, extending her arms toward the other boat, cried:

"Help! Help!"

Another flaw of the wind heeled the boat still further to the leeward, and Clarence, fearing he would be thrown overboard, sprang back.

He struck the girl so heavily that she lost her balance and went overboard, backward, disappearing, with a shriek, into the water.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESCUE.

"Now he's done it!" cried Dick, when the boys saw the mainsail shoot away to the leeward. "That chump will never be able to recover it. Head for her, Joe."

Joe did so and they rapidly approached the floundering sailboat.

"Of all the lobsters I ever saw that fellow takes the cake," said Dick. "Why doesn't he try to bring his craft into the wind?"

"Because he's lost his head, from the looks of things. It's lucky we're at hand to help him out. The boat can't capsize while she's in that position, but I'll bet the girl is frightened, all right."

"And I'll bet Clarence isn't feeling very chippy. What's he going to do? Well, I'll be jiggered if he ain't trying to reach the boom with the boat-hook. He ought to see it's too far out for him to catch."

It was at that moment Miss Darling jumped up and, looking at the onrushing boat, called for help.

As Joe waved his arm, reassuringly, the catastrophe happened that we described at the end of the previous chapter.

"Good gracious, she's overboard!" cried Joe aghast. "Take the tiller, Dick."

"What are you going to do?"

"Go forward and watch for her to come up. Steer as I indicate with my arms."

Miss Darling came up several yards to the leeward of Clarence's boat.

Joe waved his right arm and Dick put the tiller the other way.

The boat's head swung around till Joe held up both hands, and then Dick headed it steady.

The imperilled girl threw up her arms and sank for a second time.

The case began to look more than serious.

Joe feared they would pass the girl before she came up again, and he began kicking off his shoes and divesting himself of his jacket.

His original intention had been to reach for the girl and haul her on board, but he feared that was no longer possible.

He gazed anxiously around on the water as they passed the other boat.

"Here, give a fellow a hand!" shouted Clarence, thinking only about his own personal safety.

Joe didn't hear him and Dick ignored his appeal.

Just then the girl came up three yards from the side of the boys' boat.

Her life depended on quick action on Joe's part.

He dived overboard and struck out for the sinking little beauty.

She began to sink for the last time as he neared her, and he was forced to dive to catch her by the hair.

Kicking out, he brought her to the surface and she made frantic efforts to clutch him.

He evaded her grasp and managed to seize her from behind.

"Stop struggling, miss," he said. "I'll save you. See, your head is above the water."

Miss Darling seemed to regain her presence of mind, and finding herself buoyed up, remained passive.

"That's right," said Joe. "You're as safe as if you were ashore, miss. I'm a regular water-dog. Here comes our boat."

In a brief space of time Dick brought the boat into the wind and she stopped a yard away.

Joe pushed the girl ahead of him and they easily reached her side.

With Dick's help the girl was got into the cockpit, and Joe followed with the agility of a gymnast.

"Now, miss, where shall we take you?"

"You're the bravest boy in the world!" she cried, seizing him by the two hands. "You have saved my life, and I shan't forget you as long as I live. What's your name?"

"Joe Lawless, miss."

"The shortstop of the Summerdale team?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, miss."

"To think that you, whom I have so much admired, should save my life!" she cried, with sparkling eyes. "My name is Dora Darling."

"Then you live at the Darling cottage and your father is Howard Darling, of Boston?"

"Yes."

"What shall we do about Clarence?" put in Dick. "He's howling at us like a stuck pig."

"Run down and we'll recover his boom for him."

"We'd better take him in tow. If you take the tiller and run under his stern I'll jump aboard, get the boom in and lower the sail," said Dick.

"He might object to the latter proceeding. I'll steer for the shore and you follow in Clarence's boat. I must get this young lady home as soon as possible."

He ran close to the other boat and Dick jumped in and seized the tiller.

As Joe sheered off, Clarence shouted:

"Hold on there. Put Miss Darling on board here and I'll take her home."

"You'll take me nowhere, Mr. Doane" answered Dora, indignantly. "I would have been drowned for all the help I got from you. I shall go home in this boat, and I don't want you to come near me again."

With those words she turned her back on Clarence, and the two boats shot apart.

"Go into the cabin, Miss Darling, and get out of the wind. I know where the Darling cottage is and I'll take you there as fast as I can."

"I will do anything you say, Mr. Lawless. You have won my gratitude and esteem, as you have already won my admiration for your skill as a ball player. My father and mother will be as grateful to you as I am when they learn that I would have been drowned but for your splendid effort in my behalf. I won't say any more now, for if I talked all day I couldn't thank you half enough."

With a glance that sent the blood quicker through Joe's chilly body, for the wind made his wet garments feel anything but comfortable on him, Miss Darling turned away and entered the cabin.

"Don't sit down, Miss Darling, but keep moving around and exercising yourself," he called after her.

She nodded back sweetly at him and followed his advice.

It was a mile run to the private wharf on the Darling property but Joe's boat made it in a short time under the stiff breeze.

Running in and making fast to an iron ring, Joe called Dora out of the cabin, helped her on the wharf and bade her run to the house with him.

Her mother and father were seated together on the front porch when they appeared, looking bedraggled and damp from their immersion in the bay.

Mrs. Darling started up with a startled exclamation, and the merchant also rose from his chair, hastily.

"Heavens, Dora, what has happened to you? Did you fall overboard?" asked Mrs. Darling, anxiously.

"Yes, mother, and right in the middle of the lake, after Mr. Doane lost control of both his wits and the boat, and I would surely have been drowned but for this brave boy, whom you never can sufficiently thank. His name is Joe Lawless, and he belongs in this town."

Mr. Darling seized Joe by the hand and proceeded to thank him in a fervid way.

Then his wife added her thanks.

"You're welcome," said Joe. "You want to rush your daughter to her room, remove her clothes and give her a vigorous rubbing down with alcohol. I'm going home to give myself the same kind of treatment."

"Don't go," said the merchant. "Come with me and I'll have you attended to in my room and lend you clothes until you can send to your home for others."

Mr. Darling took Joe by the arm and led him into the house.

He rang for a servant and asked if his valet was on the premises.

Finding he was, he directed that the man come at once to his room.

He took Joe upstairs to his own room, which adjoined his wife's, and told the boy to peel off his wet clothes.

The valet, appearing in a few minutes, was directed to give Joe a rubbing-down in trainer fashion, which he proceeded to do.

"Give me your address, Lawless, and I will send a servant for fresh underwear and another suit," said the merchant.

Half an hour later Joe's dry clothes appeared and he put them on, his wet ones having in the meanwhile been sent to the laundry in the basement.

Joe then repaired to the porch with Mr. Darling, and there told the gentleman all about the accident on the lake.

"It was indeed providential that you and your friend were at hand to render my daughter so precious a service, and the obligation you, my dear boy, have placed me under can never be repaid," said the merchant with emotion. "Dora is our only child, and it would simply have broken our hearts had she been brought home dead to us. You have made us your friends for life, and anything we can do for you will be cheerfully done, and we shall welcome the opportunity with satisfaction. I hope you will tell me how I can be of service to you, for I cannot let your service go without some fitting reward, which, at the most, would only but partially testify our appreciation of the service you have rendered us."

"I want no reward, sir. I am amply repaid in knowing I have saved your daughter's life, and you and Mrs. Darling from a great sorrow. I have simply done my duty, and no reward can equal the satisfaction a fellow takes in that reflection," replied Joe, in a manly way, that raised him many more degrees, if that were possible, in the merchant's esteem.

"Your words do you great credit, my dear boy, but you un-

derstand that though we will drop the subject of a reward, as being inadequate in any case to repay the debt we owe you, you must permit us to make you some suitable acknowledgment of our gratitude."

"You can present me with a small present of some kind if you insist," said Joe. "If you bought a few shares in an amusement company I am trying to organize I'd call the matter square."

"I will buy all the unsold shares with pleasure to oblige you."

"Thank you, sir; but I wouldn't ask you to do anything like that, for only about 300 of the 2,000 are so far spoken for. I will tell you about my plans if you would care to have me do so."

"Go ahead. I am interested in anything connected with you."

Joe at once told the merchant about the baseball situation in Summerdale.

How Mr. Buckley, being compelled to go to Europe, had decided to sell the park property, which carried the Summerdale league franchise, at once.

He described how the deal with Abner Doane had fallen through, and how he (Joe) had come forward with an offer to try and secure the necessary financial backing to purchase the park property, which was roughly estimated to be worth about \$13,000, but could be bought for \$10,000.

Joe then went on to say that he intended to have a company formed at the close of the season to take over the property from the trustees and that every person who subscribed \$5, or any multiple thereof, would be entitled to one or more shares of the capital stock, and a proportionate undivided interest in the property.

After he had gone all over the business points he told the merchant of his ambition to become permanent lessee of the park and manager of the ball team representing Summerdale in the Silver Lake League.

He expected to achieve his ambition if his plans went through all right.

Mr. Darling listened to him attentively, and an idea formed in his own mind—a way through which he thought he could, indirectly, reward his daughter's preserver.

"You say that 300 shares have been bought out of the 2,000?" he said.

"They have not actually been bought as yet, but they are practically spoken for."

"Do you include any on your own account in that list?"

"No, sir. I'll need all the money I can rake together to start the season at the park."

"In the event that all the shares will have been sold and temporarily held by the trustees, you are certain of getting the lease of the park?"

"I think there is no doubt of that, sir. I have the backing of one manager, and have no doubt of getting a unanimous vote. In any case, as the plan is mine I am entitled to the first consideration."

"True; but some man with money, hearing that the park is to be leased, might make a better offer for it than you could afford to do and the trustees would feel bound, in justice to the responsibility they had assumed, in letting it to the highest bidder. They might prefer to let you have it, but the interests of the subscribers would have to be considered ahead of sentiment."

"If such a contingency should arise I would canvass the majority of the subscribers for their votes," said Joe.

"You could do that, of course. Now, I have a better plan. I will either go to Mr. Buckley and purchase the property outright, or I will buy the rest of the unsold shares and thereby become the ruling power in the proposed company. Then you will be certain of the lease of the park as long as you wanted it. The advantage of the first proposition is its simplicity, settling the whole case at once. I think it preferable. The moment I sign the contract with Mr. Buckley, I'll sign another with you giving you this year's lease at a nominal rental, with the privilege of renewal on the same terms. I think you had better let me do this as a slight evidence of my gratitude to you," said the merchant.

Joe's head fairly swam at the prospect laid before him.

If he said yes to it the problem was immediately solved.

"As nothing had actually been done in carrying out my scheme, except certain offers I have had for subscription shares, all but one offer having been made purely to give me an encouraging start, and which will be withdrawn on request I guess I'll accept your offer—the one to purchase the park outright yourself. I really would not let you do this,

Mr. Darling, if I thought there was a chance of you losing any money by it, but I honestly believe you will get even more than full value for your money, for the ground is said to be easily worth \$7,000, while the improvements, put up by a man under a contract, embracing the four ball parks, cost Mr. Buckley a quarter of \$25,000. However, you will investigate all this for yourself, and you will be afforded every opportunity to do so," said Joe.

"All right, Lawless, we will consider the matter as settled between us. I'll sign the contract to-morrow, and then you can go ahead without waiting for the conveyance of the title, which will take from fifteen to thirty days," said the merchant.

At that moment Dora and her mother appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

DORA DARLING.

The young lady did not appear to have suffered any injury from her involuntary bath and the effects of remaining perhaps thirty minutes in her wet clothes.

Joe thought she looked uncommonly charming in the simple gown she wore, with a rose in her hair, as indeed she did, for Dora was one of the loveliest girls that favored Summerdale with their presence, and her chic style added greatly to the charm so bountifully bestowed upon her by nature.

She smiled sweetly on her preserver and asked him how he felt after his bath and the strenuous exertion of saving her life.

"I'm all right," laughed Joe. "How are you feeling yourself?"

"Oh, I'm feeling all right," she answered, archly. "I'm used to being in the water during the summer, but not to being thrown overboard, unawares, in the middle of the lake. I'll admit that I lost my presence of mind and could not swim a stroke. I'd hate to tell you what I think of Mr. Doane. I asked him several times to return to the shore, but he insisted there wasn't the slightest danger with him at the helm. 'He's a pretty boatman,' with a curl of her lip. 'I've been out on the lake often with boatmen and I never saw one yet lose his hold on the boom. But admitting that was an accident, Mr. Doane should have known how to recover it. Why, he acted in a perfectly helpless way, and that frightened me more than the accident did. I realized that we were both in actual danger of our lives. When I saw you boys coming on behind I jumped up and—'"

"That's where you did wrong, Miss Darling, pardon me for saying so. Had you kept your seat Clarence wouldn't have accidentally knocked you overboard."

"Well, I couldn't help it. I was nervous and excited."

"As long as you came out all right you can feel satisfied, I guess."

"In one sense I'm glad it happened, for it has afforded me the pleasure of your acquaintance," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Darling. The feeling is mutual."

"Oh, don't thank me," said Dora, bewitchingly. "I like to know real nice young men."

Joe blushed and looked embarrassed.

The girl seemed to enjoy his confusion.

"Don't you think you're a nice young man?" she said, mischievously.

"Really Miss Darling, I can't answer that question," said Joe, blushing more than ever and looking down.

"Don't you know that only nice young men jump overboard and rescue young ladies from a watery grave?" she persisted.

"I think you are mistaken about that," said the boy, feeling ill at ease.

"Indeed I am not. I have read ever so many books in which the heroine was saved from death by a nice young man who appeared at the critical moment."

"But your case happens to be real life and not fiction," said Joe, gaining a little courage, when he found himself being pushed into a corner.

"The exception only proves the rule, Mr. Lawless. Therefore you are a natural born hero, while I am the unfortunate heroine who has given you the opportunity to get into the lime-light. All Summerdale will hear of my rescue to-morrow through the morning paper, and then you will stand in a halo of glory."

"Really, you make me out better than I deserve."

"Not at all. As the hero of the occasion you are entitled to the front of the stage," she said, giving him a sidelong glance. "If you have any doubts as to your right to be considered a real hero I can prove the fact."

"How can you?"

"Who won the pennant for Summerdale last season?"

"My friend, Dick Willis, who was with me in the boat to-day," said Joe, promptly.

"Not at all, though I'll admit he was a big factor. You won the pennant."

"How?"

"Dear me, how poorly you remember important events! When the league finished its season Lakeport and Summerdale were tied for the honors. Isn't that so?"

"It is."

"The tie was played off at Rockhaven before a great crowd."

"It was."

"Well, I was there. When the last inning began, with Summerdale at bat, the score stood—Lakeport, 3; Summerdale, 2."

"Correct."

"The first two up were easily put out. Then Willis, the poorest batter, came up, the last one in the batting order. It seemed all over but the shouting."

"It certainly did."

"But the unexpected happened and Willis lined the ball to far left and took three bases. How the crowd from Summerdale shrieked! Dear me, I split a new pair of gloves myself. I really did, I assure you."

"That was too bad."

"Not at all; that hit was worth it. I believe I could have hugged Willis at that moment."

"I must tell him that," grinned Joe, now quite at his ease.

"Don't you dare! What happened then? You came to the bat—you, the premier batsman of the league, who led off. The crowd—the Summerdale part I mean—called frantically for a hit. Anything that would score Willis and tie up the game. If I had been a boy I would have shouted, too. But I could only watch and pray that you would put a hole in the back fence. Two strikes were called on you, and my heart was in my mouth when—you know what happened. What's the use of me telling you?"

"Yes, I know," said Joe, his cheeks burning as he thought of that hit over the fence that won the great game for his team.

At that moment he recalled the pandemonium that took place among the Summerdale rooters—the cheers, yells, tin horn tooting, and clapping of hands as he tore his way to second, and then ambled home.

As he touched the plate he was surrounded by a multitude of frenzied admirers who lifted him off his feet and carried him to the dressing-room.

It was the crowning achievement of his baseball career up to that point.

"There was nothing left of my poor gloves when you reached the home-plate. I could have——"

"Hugged me, I suppose?" said Joe, slyly.

Dora now blushed vividly.

"I was going to say kissed you, for I do love heroes. Now, doesn't that prove my case? Aren't you a hero?"

"A baseball hero is merely the creature of the moment. Had I played next day and lost the game through errors, where would my honors have been? The Summerdalers would have howled at me, 'Whoever told you you could play ball?' 'Back to the high school team!' 'Take him out!' and so on. Baseball fame, Miss Darling, amounts to nothing more than a pleasing notice in the paper and the changeable adulation of the fans. One moment you are a popular idol, the next—what's the use?"

"And yet the sensation must be the height of human happiness," she said. "Oh, if I were a boy I'd be a ball player, and I'd practice till I became a star player."

"Unless one is a natural born ball player he never can become a star these days," said Joe.

"Perhaps not, but I'd get as near to it as I could. If I only made a hit with the crowd once—just once, I believe I could die happy," said the girl, with dancing eyes.

"You'd make a hit with a crowd anywhere, Miss Darling, for there isn't a lovelier girl in all the——"

"That will do, sir," said Dora, clapping her hand across Joe's mouth and blushing like a rose.

"But," protested Joe, looking for his revenge, "you have insisted that I am a hero and that you are the unfortunate heroine of this afternoon. Doesn't the hero always say nice things to the heroine? Isn't that his privilege?"

"You mustn't take advantage of it," said Dora, demurely.

"Oh, all right. Whatever you say goes with me. But I think I have wearied you long enough on this occasion. I will go home."

"Indeed you shan't. You will stay and take tea with us."

"I suppose I must yield to your wishes."

"Don't you want to?" she asked, coquettishly.

"Want to, Miss Darling? I could set here and talk to you forever."

At that moment they were called to tea and found Mr. and Mrs. Darling awaiting them in the dining-room.

Joe remained an hour after the meal and then went home, promising to call again on the young lady very soon.

CHAPTER IX.

JOE BECOMES MANAGER OF SUMMERDALE.

On his way home that evening Joe went out of his way to call on Mr. Buckley to inform him of the unexpected change in the situation.

That gentleman was home and received the boy in his sitting-room.

"Well, Joe, I suppose your visit refers to the plan you are working. I hope you are meeting with encouragement."

"Something has happened which has changed the whole aspect of affairs."

"What has happened?"

"I have found you a purchaser for the park who will take it right off your hands at the price you ask, \$10,000."

"Indeed! Who is this person?"

"Mr. Howard Darling, a rich Boston merchant."

"This is certainly a surprise to me. How did you manage to get him interested in the matter?"

Joe proceeded to tell how he and Willis, while out boating that afternoon, saved Miss Darling from drowning in the lake.

"Mr. Darling is doing this to repay the debt of gratitude he considers he and his family are under to me."

"Allow me to congratulate you on having secured such an influential friend," said Buckley. "Your managerial hopes are now assured."

"I guess they are, sir, but I was bound to be a manager, anyway. I am to meet Mr. Darling at the Summerdale Bank at ten in the morning. Where can we meet you?"

"Either here or at my lawyer's."

"Make it your lawyer's. If you get there before us instruct him to draw up the contract so that it can be ready for immediate signing. Mr. Darling is taking my word for everything so as to save time."

Joe then went home and astonished his folks with what he had accomplished that afternoon, though they were aware he had saved Miss Darling's life, because Dick Willis had called after tea expecting to find him at home, and Dick had gone over the adventure on the lake.

Indeed, when the Darling servant came after Joe's clothes his mother and sisters guessed he had got into the lake somehow, but knowing he was a fine swimmer and learning that he was at the Darling cottage they had felt no anxiety concerning him.

The real surprise he treated them to was his success in achieving his managerial aspirations so much sooner than he had expected.

Joe met Mr. Darling next morning at the bank and they went around to Lawyer Smith's office, where they found Mr. Buckley awaiting them.

"Mr. Buckley, this is Mr. Darling," introduced Joe.

The two gentlemen shook hands.

No time was lost in proceeding to business.

Buckley furnished the merchant with all the available evidence of the value of the park and its improvements, and assured him he could furnish a clear title.

Mr. Darling said he would put the legal matters in the hands of Lawyer Jones, and have the closing of the title hurried.

He then signed the contract and paid a deposit of \$1,000.

There was nothing more to be done except for the merchant to call on the lawyer he intended to employ to search the title and close the deal.

Joe, having nothing to do himself for the present, reported at his boss' office.

"The scheme that was to engage my attention this week is off, Mr. Flint, so I won't have to remain away," said Joe.

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I found a single purchaser for the ball park which renders the subscription plan unnecessary. We shall have baseball as usual this summer."

"Good!" said Flint. "Now help Dick on his work."

"You stopped at the Darling cottage yesterday, didn't you?" said Dick when Joe went to the table at which he was em-

played making a diagram plan of the farm they had surveyed on Saturday.

"Yes. I took tea there."

"You will be solid with the Darlings after this. I suppose you will get a handsome present for saving the young lady's life."

"I have a surprise for you. Don't fall off your stool when I tell you."

"What is it?"

"To begin with, the subscription business is off."

"The dickens it is! Why?"

"Because Mr. Darling has bought the park, and I'm to represent him as the manager of the Summerdale team on the league board. I'm to run the park myself on a lease, and make or break on my own showing."

"Upon my word, you do surprise me. So you are to be a manager, after all?"

"Yes, that's settled. In fact, everything is practically settled in my favor."

"Mr. Darling is doing this because you saved his daughter?"

"That's about the size of it."

Joe then got busy and the boys had little more to say to each other until half-past twelve, when they went home to their dinner.

On Saturday afternoon at three, Joe met Mr. Buckley and they went to the Silver Lake Inn together.

The other managers were on hand, curious to learn the result of Joe's scheme to raise the \$10,000 for the purchase of the park property.

After Buckley and the boy had been welcomed, the former took his seat and called the meeting to order.

"This being a special meeting, only special business will be transacted," said the president. "The first thing in order is for me to discharge the special committee which I appointed at the last regular meeting to consider means for relieving me of the park property. That object has been accomplished, through Joe Lawless."

"He has raised the needed funds, then?" said Mr. Kingsford.

"He has done better. He has found me a purchaser with whom I have signed a contract which I can promise you will be carried out. This gentleman, a Boston merchant, has bought the park in Lawless' interests. Lawless is to represent him on this board, and our young friend will be the lessee of the park as long as he cares to handle it. All that remains now, gentlemen, is for me to tender my resignation as a member of this board, which I do with regret."

His resignation was accepted, and then Mr. Kingsford made a speech eulogizing the retiring magnate, and wishing him a happy recovery from his malady.

Buckley waited until Joe was proposed and elected a member of the board, and then, shaking hands all around, took his departure.

Mr. Kingsford was elected president, and Harry Gordon re-elected secretary.

Then the board adjourned to meet again on the last Saturday in the month, which was June, to attend to the final business connected with the opening of the season on the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER X.

PREPARING FOR THE OPENING.

A week later Joe surprised Flint by notifying him that having become lessee of the ball park he would either have to have a three months' leave of absence or he would resign his job as a rising surveyor altogether.

He got the leave of absence, for Flint didn't want to lose him.

Then he started in to get things in shape for the season.

The members of the team under reserve had been practicing every Saturday afternoon with outsiders, at the park, and they were called into Joe's office, near the grandstand, and contracts offered them to sign at the rate of \$75 for the twenty-one games.

Half of them worked in positions where they could get off on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to play on the team, and the other half attended an academy in the neighborhood, which closed on June 20, so that the \$75 was pocket-money to them.

Willis' contract called for \$100.

Only seven of these players had played regularly the previous season.

The other two were members of the Harvard ball team.

The two collegians to whom Joe had written and received offers from to take stock in the proposed amusement enterprise, which had to be declined owing to the change of plans, acted as substitute players.

In arranging his team for the opening games the only weak spot was the position at shortstop, left vacant by his inability to play.

When the Harvard boys reported, as they promised to do, he intended to try one of them at short and fill centerfield with one of his other college substitutes.

The only trouble was that the new shortstop was an unknown quantity in that position and it was not advisable to shift any other player.

He visited the Darling cottage quite often, and can you wonder when it possessed such an attraction as Dora, who was not only a bundle of loveliness but a dyed-in-the-wool baseball enthusiast, who had the fine points of the game at her finger-tips.

They talked baseball by the hour, and Dora knew that the Summerdale team was in want of a crack shortstop.

She had a cousin at the Brown University, and he was a dandy in the position, but he never came to Summerdale.

Without saying anything to Joe, she wrote to her cousin, whose name was Billy Thorpe, and asked him if he would, as a favor to her, come to Summerdale that season instead of going to Bar Harbor, and play ball with the local team.

"Now, Billy, you will oblige me, won't you?" she added.

"The team needs an A1 shortstop, and I and all your other admirers know you can play the position to perfection. You have told me that the scouts belonging to two or three of the big league teams have been watching your work with the view of keeping you in sight, so as to try and land you when you get through college next year. A particular friend of mine is managing the Summerdale team this year. I want him to win the pennant. The Summerdales won it last year by one game. They are all fine players, but so are the members of the other three teams in the Crystal Lake League. Take it from me, Billy, it's going to be a hot race, and I want you to come here and give us the benefit of your skill. If you will, I'll love you six days in the week."

"N. B.—There will be lots of pretty girls here, and as most of them are interested in baseball, like myself, you are sure to make a hit with them. Now, do come. Write at once and say 'Yes,' and relieve my impatience."

"Your loving cousin,

"DORA."

In a few days she got an answer from her cousin.

"DEAR DORA:

"Yours received and contents noted. You are such a sweet little pleader that I believe you'd persuade a heart of flint to do as you wish, much less a susceptible chap like myself. If you weren't my cousin—but there, never mind that. I'll come to oblige you. I couldn't turn you down to save my life. If your friend, the manager, stands in need of a shortstop I'll play for him, free, gratis, and for nothing, of course, and I promise you I'll do my best to help him land the flag."

"Yours in haste,

BILLY."

Dora fairly shrieked her delight.

She rushed to her mother and told her that Billy was coming down to spend the season with them.

"I've invited him, and he must have the best room in the house," she said.

"The best?" smiled her mother. "Won't the one next to yours do?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, of course it will! Billy is just too lovely for anything!"

"Indeed!" laughed her mother.

"He has agreed to come and play on Mr. Lawless' team, at my special request."

"Did Mr. Lawless make the suggestion?"

"No, mother, he doesn't know anything about it."

"How do you know, then, that—"

"He'll have him? Leave that to me, mother. Mr. Lawless is worrying because his team is weak at short, and that's where Billy shines like an eighteen-carat diamond. I'm going to spring him on Mr. Lawless as a big surprise."

In the meantime, Joe was hustling like a good fellow.

The best part of the team practiced every afternoon after five, and played a regular game on Saturday afternoon with the best talent that was available.

Joe watched their work, under Tox Sexton, the second base-

man and new captain, and offered suggestions that were equivalent to orders, and which were followed.

Willis went against them in the games, and they found him hard to solve, which prepared them for the shoots and curves of Parrot, the crack twirler of the Lakeports, and the puzzling delivery of Niles, of the Rockhavens.

During the day Joe gave all his attention to his business matters.

He had the grounds put in the best shape possible, and another ticket-window opened to accommodate the big crowds he looked for.

He engaged the same ticket-seller Mr. Buckley employed, and hired a friend of his for the new window.

There were two gates—one leading to the grandstand, the other into a lane communicating with the right and left bleacheries and field in general.

About two-thirds of a big crowd had to stand, as there were not seating accommodations for them at any of the parks.

Joe had an interview with Mr. Darling on the subject, and that gentleman told him to hire a builder and add as many more plank seats as he thought proper.

So Joe called two builders into consultation at the park and asked for an estimate for doubling the bleacher-seat capacity.

He gave the contract to the lowest bidder and told him to hustle the work, inserting a forfeit clause to take effect in case the seats were not ready on July 3.

"We'll have the finest park on the circuit," said Dick, when Joe told him that he was going to double the field seats.

"I've engaged the band, or the best part of it, for two o'clock, and whether it goes over to Lakeport or not in the morning, it will be on hand, don't you worry. By the way, come into the office, I want to show you the cover design of my new score-card."

"Cover design on the score-card!" ejaculated Dick. "You mean to have an engraved border around the score diagram?"

"No. This is something new in score-cards around here," said Joe, leading Dick into his sanctum.

He took a piece of cardboard out of his desk on which was drawn for photo reproduction the cover design, which represented a large baseball, on which was inscribed:

"Summerdale Baseball Park. Score-card. Season of 19—
Joe Lawless, Manager."

Behind the ball, on either side and partially visible, were two players in uniform.

A pair of crossed bats at the top, flanked by a catcher's mask and mitt.

Other bits of paraphernalia were drawn at the bottom, the whole filled in with scroll work.

In the background was a dim representation of a grandstand in part.

CHAPTER XI.

CLARENCE TURNS UP.

Joe called on Dora Darling that evening and was received with open arms, as usual.

After some general conversation, chiefly referring to Joe's preparations for the opening of the baseball season at his park, Dora said:

"You have told me that your team is weak at shortstop."

"Yes, but I guess Jackson, who reported yesterday, will do pretty well."

"He played centerfield last season?"

"Yes, and he's a fine outfielder. I hated to change him, but he's the only man of those I've tried who shows good form at short. He plays both positions almost equally well. You may remember he filled my shoes last summer while I was out of the game. But, you see, he has a wonderful wing, and can throw so accurately to home from the outfield that if it wasn't for the fact that shortstops get many more chances than an outfielder, I'd have hesitated to bring him in."

"Well, you can put him back in center. I've got a fine shortstop for you."

"You have?" cried Joe, in surprise.

"Yes: my cousin, Billy Thorpe, of Brown College. You've heard me speak about him. He's counted as good as many professional shortstops in the big leagues. I've written to him and asked him, as a personal favor, to come here and play on the Summerdale team, and he promised me he would."

"I've heard about him from several college boys. They told me he was a wonder at short, covering the position like a veteran."

"That's quite true."

"And you've induced him to agree to come here and play for me?"

"I have."

"Really, Miss Darling, I can't thank you enough."

"Then don't try," she laughed.

Joe returned home that evening feeling extra good.

He was promised a shortstop who would be an improvement over his own work in all points save perhaps at the bat, though Billy Thorpe was no slouch with the stick.

He was now thoroughly satisfied with his line-up, and felt confident that he would be able to make the other teams hustle to win out.

The usual posters, announcing the opening of the Crystal Lake Baseball League season on July 4, with morning games between Summerdale and Lakeport, at Lakeport; Rockhaven and Spring Glen, at Rockhaven; and that Rockhaven would play at Summerdale in the afternoon, and Lakeport at Spring Glen, were gotten out at the expense of the league management and posted up about the four places, and all around the neighboring vicinity.

These posters were to be replaced on July 5 by others, giving the full league schedule, which were to stand.

That is all the advertising that was done, since everybody interested in baseball around the lake kept track of the schedule.

Joe, however, decided to get out special handbills for the ten home games succeeding the opening one on the Fourth, and have them circulated about the business section of Summerdale.

He knew that the sight of these bills would induce many people to visit his park who might otherwise let the games slip.

His whole team was on hand now, with the exception of Billy Thorpe, who had written Dora that he would arrive at Summerdale on Saturday afternoon, June 30, by train from Boston.

Dora sent him word she would meet him in her pony phaeton and she told Joe to call at the cottage that evening and dine with the family.

There was a final exhibition game that afternoon between Summerdale and the high school team, admission to which was placed at a quarter to the grandstand and ten cents to the bleacheries, now almost completed in their entirety, and the field.

This game Joe advertised by dodgers, circulated all over the neighborhood.

As there was a meeting of the league board in Lakeport at three, he could not be on hand to see how things worked at the business end, so he delegated the job to Dick, who was not going to play.

A small supply of the ordinary single sheet score-cards were printed for this occasion, with the Summerdale line-up on one side and the high school on the other, and these were to be sold for two cents each.

Both box-windows were to be put in commission in order to accustom the new ticket-seller to his work.

Only a fair crowd, mostly of young people, being expected, only one gate was to be used.

Joe had filled his sixteen-page score-card with advertisements, and even sold the borders around the score diagrams.

He had charged \$5 an inch for the ordinary space for the eleven games, and he sold 162 inches, which would turn him in \$810.

He got \$25 for the outside back cover and \$20 for each inside cover.

For the borders on the diagram pages he got \$25 more, in all \$900.

He intended to print an average of 1,000 for a game, making 11,000 cards, and expected to sell 7,000, at any rate at a nickel apiece, making \$350 more.

On the expense side he would have to pay for the paper and printing of 11,000 covers, printed at one time, the front page in three colors, and the three advertising pages in two.

The design cost him for drawing, reproducing on plates, and electrotyping, about \$75.

The 16-page insert would be printed before each game from a standing form of type, the only changes being those made in the line-up of players on the scoring diagram.

The cover and inset was then to be attached by a double wire staple, making a complete folder.

The boys he engaged to sell them were to get a cent for every one they sold, which embraced probably an outlay of \$75.

The expense was hardly more than a fourth of the receipts,

so that Joe would make nearly \$900 profit out of his advertising score-card.

That \$900 represented a mighty big item of profit, and was a new item in the receipts of the Summerdale Park.

Joe's arrangement with Mr. Darling for the lease of the park was four per cent. on the gentleman's investment, or \$400 for the whole year.

His running expenses would include ten players at \$75, one at \$100, while he got three of his best for nothing.

Then there were the wages, each covering eleven afternoons, of two ticket-sellers, two or three gatekeepers, as the case might be, four men to patrol the grounds on three sides of the fence, six special officers inside the grounds and several other employees.

He would have to supply all the baseballs used at the home games, and the cost of these was quite an item, running up between \$75 and \$100 for the eleven games, for about six new balls were used up in each game, not through actual use, but by being batted into the bleacheries, where they disappeared mysteriously.

Clarence Doane had disappeared from town after the accident on the lake, and remained away for two weeks, or until the 20th of June, when he suddenly appeared at the ball park, looking as dapper as ever, and asked for the manager.

The team happened to be practicing at the time, which Clarence probably knew.

He was sent into Joe's office and he was surprised to see that lad at the desk very busy with details of management.

"Hello, Lawless!" he said, pompously.

"Hello, Clarence!" replied Joe. "Where have you been since Dick and I met you out on the lake?"

"Visiting," replied Clarence. "I want to see the manager of the park."

"You see him," said Joe.

Clarence looked around the little room, but saw nobody but Joe.

"Oh, come now, don't fool a chap!" he said.

"I'm not fooling you. I'm the manager."

"Get out! How could you be the manager? You're only one of the players."

"I don't look as if I was playing at present, do I?" The team is practicing outside on the diamond. I'm in need of another good pitcher. Want to show what you can do? If you make good I'll pay you \$75 for the season, whether you work in one game or more."

"Say, Lawless, what are you giving me?" asked Clarence, incredulously.

"A chance to get on the team if you can make it."

At that moment Dick came in, arrayed in his uniform.

"Hello, Clarence!" he said. "Where did you spring from? I thought you had shaken the burg for good."

Clarence glared at Dick in an unfriendly way, for he hadn't forgotten how Dick had taken the management of the boat out of his hands on that eventful Sunday, and sailed to the shore in spite of his picking.

"Say, Dick," said Joe, "Clarence doesn't believe I'm the manager of this park."

"What's the difference?" returned Dick. "You're the manager all right, whether he believes the fact or not."

"I am really the manager, Clarence. Here's the evidence of the fact," and he handed Doane a letter addressed to him as the manager of Summerdale Baseball Park.

Clarence was convinced, but much against his grain.

"You'll pay me \$75 to pitch for the team, will you?" he said, in a lofty way, as if he wished to impress Joe by the fact that he considered himself worth considerably more than that.

"I will, if you make good," replied Joe, who really had no use for another twirler, but he thought his offer a safe one, for he very much doubted that Clarence had the ability to come to the scratch.

"Oh, I'll make good!" said Clarence, confidently. "Didn't I tell you that I pitched for my academy team against a professional club and won the game?"

"I believe you did," said Joe.

If Clarence had told the exact truth he would have admitted that he hadn't lasted a full inning in the box.

He was sent in to replace the regular pitcher who was hurt at a time when the academy was ahead.

The only runs made by the professionals were earned off him, and he was taken out before they tied up the score, and the pitcher who went in prevented the opposition from winning.

"Well, I'm waiting for your decision," went on Joe.

"I'm ready," said Clarence.

"Take him outside and introduce him to Captain Nevins, Dick. Tell him to give Clarence a fair chance in the box to show what he can do in the pitching line."

"All right. Come along, Doane," said Dick.

Clarence followed him out of the office, and Joe went on with his work.

CHAPTER XII.

CLARENCE GETS THE BOUNCE.

"Want to get into a uniform, Doane?" asked Dick. "I'll find you an old one that'll fit you close enough."

"No, I don't have to change my clothes to pitch a few balls," replied Clarence.

"All right, suit yourself."

Dick called to Captain Nevins, and that young man came up.

"You know Clarence Doane, I guess. Joe Lawless told me to tell you to give Doane a try-out in the box," said Dick.

Nevins told Clarence to peel off his jacket and get into the box, at the same time calling to one of the team's pitchers who was serving up his brand of shoots to the bulk of the players who were indulging in batting practice.

The infield and outfield were populated by a score of boys, who considered it an honor to field the ball when it was batted out.

The regular catcher, whose name was Bassett, was at the receiving end.

"What's this, Nevins?" he said, nodding at Clarence.

"A new man who claims to be a good pitcher," replied Nevins. "He's the son of old man Doane. I thought you knew him."

"Is that Clarence Doane?" ejaculated Bassett. "Holy smoke! what a dude he's got to be! Where did he learn to pitch?"

"Search me! I'll never tell you."

Nevins sent one of the best hitters up to sample Clarence's assortment of shoots as Doane picked up the ball and prepared to distinguish himself.

"All ready, old man, let her go!" said Bassett to the new pitcher.

Clarence wound up after the most approved fashion of box-men and let the ball go.

What he intended it for it is hard to say, but it went over the catcher's head and hit the base of the grandstand.

The second ball went wide of the plate, and Captain Nevins decided that the new man was either nervous over his trial or lacked control.

The third was a straight ball over the plate and the batter laced it into leftfield and gave way to the next batter.

Clarence served him a straight one, too, and he put it over the fence in right.

"He's easy," said the swatter as he left the plate.

And that was the general verdict of all as they walked up in turn and pounded the ball whenever Clarence put it within their reach.

Finally, Captain Nevins took a shy at Doane, and his swat would have earned him three bases in any game.

"I don't see any use of you keeping on, Doane," he said.

"You don't seem to have anything in your repertoire that would puzzle a cross-eyed mule. You'd better take a few lessons before you ask for another try-out with any team. Get out there, Higgins, and do your prettiest."

Clarence left the box with a look of disgust on his face.

"I don't feel well this afternoon, that's why I didn't do better," he said.

Clarence put on his jacket and then hung around and watched the batting practice.

No one addressed him, and after awhile he walked out of the park and went home.

He felt mad over his experience, which had been humiliating to him, and though Joe had had nothing to do with it, his resentment against the young manager was keen.

Joe was at the park on the last Saturday in June when the final exhibition game with the high school team was to be played.

As he had to be in Lakeport at three o'clock to attend the league meeting he had to leave the park in charge of Dick at half-past two.

The ticket-windows were opened at two and the gates at the same time.

A considerable crowd of young people had already assembled, and the one special officer, on duty formed them in a line, which reached down the road in the direction of the town.

The crowd filed into the park as fast as they got their tickets, but the sale went on, for more came along all the

time, and soon the grandstand was pretty well filled and the bleachers populated to a large extent.

As half-past two drew near, Joe prepared to go.

"There's a bigger attendance to-day than I counted on," he said to Dick, as they stood at the main gate.

"There's going to be a mob. You wouldn't think the high school would draw so well," replied Dick.

"The people are coming to see how our team pans out after its long rest," said Joe. "They want to get a line on us so as to calculate what our chances will be against Lakeport and Rockhaven on the Fourth."

"How can they tell what kind of a game Lakeport or Rockhaven can put up at the start unless they've seen them going through their paces? It takes a couple of weeks for the teams to get into their stride. However, we'll polish the high school off in good shape with our least effective twirler in the box. By the way, when is our new shortstop going to show up?"

"He's coming down from Boston this afternoon. I'm to meet him at the Darling cottage at dinner."

"While you're over at Lakeport, see what's doing in Gordon's team. I heard he has two new men who are said to be cracks."

"Here comes Clarence. I heard he is sore on me because he was turned down by Nevins as a pitcher."

"What do you care? The exhibition that he gave that day was pretty rank. He can't pitch worth sour apples."

It was a hot afternoon and Clarence wore no coat.

He had the latest thing in summer shirts, and a jaunty-looking straw hat.

He didn't go near the box-window, but walked up to the open gate, and ignoring Joe and Dick, started to walk in.

"Hold on, Clarence," said Joe, catching him by the arm. "Where's your ticket?"

"I don't need any. I'm reporter for the Times."

"Show your credentials, then."

"What credentials?" said Clarence, in his usual lofty way.

"A card from the editor, showing that he sent you to cover this game."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Your word has nothing to do with business. Show up or buy a ticket."

"I tell you, I'm a reporter, and I'm going in," said Clarence, trying to pass in.

The crowd stopped and looked on.

"No bluffs, Clarence. You're rich enough to afford a quarter for a grandstand seat. Go and buy it like a man and don't try to sponge in. I'm not in baseball for the fun of the thing," said Joe.

"I'm not going to pay."

"Then stand aside. You're blocking up the way."

"I tell you I've a right to go in, and I'm going to stand on my rights."

"Come, now, get out of here! I'm running this ball park and you haven't anything to say at all," said Joe, seizing Clarence by the collar and waistband and running him out through the gate, amid a chorus of approval.

Clarence, mad with rage at his ignominious expulsion, threatened Joe with dire happenings in the near future, but the young manager only laughed at him, and after giving his final instructions to Dick, started for the quarter-of-three boat, which would take him over to Lakeport.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OPENING DAY.

That evening Joe was introduced to Billy Thorpe on the veranda of the Darling cottage, and was much pleased with his face and athletic build.

"Glad to meet you, Lawless," said Billy, heartily. "Dora, my cousin, insisted on me coming down here this summer and playing on your team, so here I am. As Dora is the best little girl in the world, I couldn't think of refusing her request. Besides, as you are the young fellow who saved her life on the lake, I feel it my duty to do as much for you as I would for Dora in this case. Allow me to thank you for the service you rendered her."

"Thank you, Mr. Thorpe. I appreciate your words and your kindness in coming here to help me out at a weak spot in which you have the reputation of excelling."

"You're welcome, old man, and you may depend on me doing my best. If I didn't I would hear from Dora."

"You certainly would, Billy. You've got to put up the game of your life. I am going to attend every game Summerdale

plays, and if you fail to make a record I'll read the riot act to you," said Miss Darling, shaking her finger at her cousin.

"See what I'm up against, Lawless," laughed Thorpe.

"I guess you'll hold your end up, all right," said Joe.

The dinner-bell rang and then all went into the dining-room.

"Your uniform is ready for you," said Joe, to Billy, after dinner.

Thorpe had forwarded his measurements, at Dora's request.

"Glad to hear it. What do I owe you?"

"Nothing. The park furnishes the uniforms—everything, in fact. Whether it was the rule to do that or not I couldn't think of charging you for a uniform when you are going to furnish your services free."

Dora joined them on the porch, and soon afterward her father and mother came on the scene, too.

The young people's talk was chiefly baseball, as one might suppose, for the league season opened four days later.

The hotels were already well filled, and would be crowded from the 3d to the 5th, while two-thirds of the cottages were open and occupied, and Monday and Tuesday would see the balance of them in commission.

As there were many new people in Summerdale that year, Joe was having a neat circular issued, to be delivered among those persons.

One of these was to be tacked up on the bulletin-board in the different hotels.

In fact, Joe was leaving no stone unturned to secure a record attendance at his park during the season.

"What was the score this afternoon?" asked Dora, who had not gone to the game between the Summerdales and the high school team.

"Twelve to two," replied Joe.

It seemed unnecessary to state which team made the twelve.

"Who pitched for Summerdale?" she asked.

"Ellis pitched six innings, and was hit six times safely. Davis finished the game and allowed two hits, one of which was a home run into the rightfield bleachers, at the end the carpenters are finishing up," replied Joe. "By the way, Clarence Doane came to the grounds just before I left for Lakeport and made a scene at the main gate."

"What caused him to do that?" asked Dora.

"He tried to bluff his way in as a reporter to save a quarter. I don't suppose that he cared for the quarter, but he wanted to show the crowd that he was on the free list and therefore a person of some importance. I blocked him, as I happened to be inside the gate at the time. When he insisted he was a reporter I asked him to prove it. He couldn't do it, so I told him he'd have to pay if he wanted to see the game. He put up such a kick that I had to bounce him, Spanish style."

"He seems to be insufferably stuck up," said Dora, with a curl of her lips.

She then explained to her cousin that Clarence Doane was the boy she went sailing with the day she almost lost her life on the lake.

"He not only assured me, but mother, too, that he was a thoroughly capable boatman, but when the matter was put to the test he proved woefully deficient in ability. I have had nothing to do with him since," she said.

Joe then told Billy Thorpe of Clarence's attempt to make the team as a pitcher.

He had already told Dora about it, and she had not been surprised at the failure of the shoe manufacturer's son to make good.

"I didn't see his efforts, but Captain Nevins and Dick Willis both told me that many of the kids who hang around the park can pitch better."

"He had nothing at all but a fair amount of speed, and also lacked control, the most important of all things to a pitcher. I can't say much for the Wimbledon Academy team if he is allowed to go in the box. He told Dick and me that he pitched against a professional team and beat it. I guess he told us a whopper."

The Summerdale team had orders to report for practice at one o'clock on Monday and Tuesday.

Billy Thorpe was on hand and Joe introduced him all around.

His work at short easily confirmed all that had been said about it, and it infused added confidence into the rest of the team.

Everything was ready for the opening of the season except the rightfield new section of the bleachers, and this work would surely be finished within the contract time.

Joe feared that the procession in Lakeport would keep the attendance down at the morning game, which began at half-past ten.

It was the first procession of importance the town had had for some years, and the people would want to see it.

Well, it couldn't be helped.

Harry Gordon would suffer more financially than he would.

The visiting team received forty per cent. of the gate receipts, figured at 25 cents; the extra quarter for a seat in the grandstand went wholly to the home management.

And right here is where Joe figured on making a little extra money on gala occasions.

He had had a small section of the bleacheries, on either side next to the grandstand, fenced off with lattice work, posts erected at the four corners of the section, and a piece of sailcloth stretched as a roof.

A man was to stand at the entrance to this section and sell admission to it for two cents extra.

Joe's intention was only to make this charge on special occasions when a big crowd seemed assured.

As this scheme was not in practice at the other grounds he had to get permission from the league board before he could carry it out.

He received this permission when the other managers learned he had double the seating capacity of the bleacheries.

It could not be adopted at the other grounds because it would reduce the space allotted for seats to the general admissions.

Joe intended to use this extra money to pay Mr. Darling interest on the money he had expended in enlarging the sitting capacity of the park.

Wm. Beaseley, who owned the Spring Glen team, also owned two hotels in the place and many cottages which he rented.

He was a rich man and could afford the luxury of carrying on the least profitable park on the circuit.

During the two seasons already played his team had finished last, but this year he had sent out an agent to secure a number of strong college players.

As they could not receive direct pay for their services he arranged to give them board and rooms practically free at one of the largest of his cottages.

He also managed to secure an exceptionally good professional battery at the salary limit of \$100 each, with the private understanding that the two men would be boarded free at one of his hotels.

This was stretching the league regulations somewhat, but as Beaseley was a good fellow and his park had so far not paid expenses, operating and fixed, the board was disposed to wink at his new methods.

At any rate, Spring Glen seemed likely to make a good bid for the pennant this season.

That promised to draw a large influx of spectators from Summerdale, Lakeport and Rockhaven when their respective teams played at Spring Glen.

When the morning of the Fourth of July dawned under a cloudless sky all the teams in the league were on edge for the fray.

After breakfast Joe went to the park, where he met the assistants he intended taking with him to Lakeport to guard his financial interests.

The team was not on hand at that hour.

The members would meet there a little later to get their grips, the bat-bag and other indispensable paraphernalia, after which they would take a boat that would land them in Lakeport at half-past nine.

On account of the games and the procession, the Crystal Lake Transportation Co. issued an order that the boat was to cut out her trips to Rockhaven up to 1 p. m. and cross back and forth between Summerdale and Lakeport.

This was no inconvenience to people wishing to go to Rockhaven, as they could take the trolley.

After 1 p. m. the boat was to run only between Rockhaven and Summerdale, because the Rockhaven team played in Summerdale in the afternoon.

This special change in the time-table was posted up in all public places in the three towns a week before the Fourth.

Joe arrived, with his assistant, at the Lakeport park before the announced time for the opening of the gates.

Already quite a crowd was on hand waiting for the ticket-windows to open up.

Summerdale, as the pennant holder, was clearly a strong attraction.

Harry Gordon was on hand and shook hands with Joe.

"I think we shall have a good crowd in spite of the procession," he said.

"I hope so," replied Joe. "Every paid spectator represents ten cents to me."

"You'll draw a mob this afternoon at your opening, and you have splendid facilities for seating them compared with the rest of us," said Gordon.

"As those extra facilities cost a bunch of money, I hope the public will appreciate what I am doing for them," said Joe.

"Depend on it they will, for it's a whole lot more comfortable to sit through a game than stand."

By the time the Summerdale team appeared there was a very fair crowd on hand to welcome the players when they came out of their dressing-room.

They were duly applauded and getting out on the diamond put up a snappy preliminary practice.

The Lakeport team followed them and were equally up in their work.

Then the game began, with Higgins on the firing-line, Dick Willis being reserved for the afternoon game.

We are sorry to say that Higgins was knocked out of the box in the third and was relieved by Davis, who managed to hold the Lakeport hitters.

Lakeport won easily by 8 to 3, much to the disappointment of Dora Darling, who was on hand to see her cousin perform.

Billy Thorpe, who being a new man, was watched with interest, particularly as he held down Joe Lawless' position.

No fault could be found with his work, which was fast and clean cut, but he did nothing at bat, missing two chances to score runners on third, and Dora read him a lecture at the lunch-table.

The crowd gathered early at Summerdale Park for the opening in that burg, and Joe ordered the ticket-windows and gates opened half an hour before the advertised time.

The enlarged seating capacity was greeted with great satisfaction by the spectators who patronized the field, and the bleacheries filled up at a rapid rate.

The morning scores were chalked up in large type on a blackboard, where all could see them—Lakeport, 8; Summerdale, 3. Rockhaven, 2; Glen Springs, 1.

Mr. Kingsford, of Rockhaven, was on hand with his aids to keep tab on the business end, and he and Joe viewed the gathering multitude with great satisfaction.

The attendance promised to break the league record at Rockhaven when the tie was played off between Summerdale and Lakeport, the preceding year.

The extra seats proved a great boon to the crowd.

The sections where the additional ten cents was asked filled up quick, for the awning was a welcome protection from the hot afternoon sun.

The rush for grandstand seats did not take place till half an hour before the game was to begin, then the cottagers and hotel people flocked to the park in a drove that kept the ticket-sellers busy.

A large delegation from Rockhaven was on hand, chiefly in the bleacheries.

They were armed with tin horns and whistles.

Joe had built a special private box for the Darling family and their particular friends, and Dora made sure of a front seat.

She had brought a flag to wave and a tin horn to blow, and she intended to make Rome howl every time Summerdale scored, or its players made a brilliant play.

Her cheeks were flushed and her lovely eyes sparkled with excitement.

The only cloud on her pleasure was the knowledge that Joe, whom she was desperately interested in, was not going to perform.

After the preliminary practice the game began, and Joe and Mr. Kingsford, in the box-office, were treated to frequent roars of applause as the game proceeded.

These shouts set Joe's blood all of a tingle.

For the first time his new role as manager seemed dull and lifeless alongside the excitement of the game to which he was accustomed.

Word came to them at intervals that Rockhaven's new pitcher was cutting the Summerdale batsmen down like the sickle does grass, but Rockhaven was doing little better against Dick Willis.

At last Joe and Mr. Kingsford finished their counting up and were at liberty to view the game from their respective team's benches, no other spot being available unless they went on the roof of the grandstand.

The score was a tie, nothing to nothing, at the beginning of the sixth inning.

Rockhaven at bat, with one out and a man on third, who had reached Dick for a two-bagger into the crowd and then made third by a great slide on a sacrifice fly to rightfield.

The crowd was agog with excitement.

A hit would score a run, and one run might win that game from the way the Rockhaven pitcher was working.

Dick looked a bit nervous, for he knew how much was depending on him, and there was a strong batter up.

He got two strikes on the man, and the next ball broke sharp toward the outer corner of the plate.

Crack! The ball went, like lightning, over short, and the runner started for home amid frantic yells from the Rockhaven contingent.

But something happened just then that changed things considerably.

Billy Thorpe was seen to leap into the air, spear the ball with his bare right and as he dropped back he fired it to the third baseman, completing a great double play.

Well, say, the Summerdale rooters went simply crazy and pandemonium reigned for some minutes.

Dora blew her horn, waved her flag and jumped up and down like a wild girl.

Dropping the horn, she screamed, "Oh, Billy!" and other choice expressions.

Indeed, she nearly fell out of the box into the reporters' stand in front, and we doubt if she'd have cared if she had.

Billy Thorpe received an ovation as he came in, and he deserved it.

Then the game went on into extra innings before the unexpected happened again.

There were two out in the twelfth, when Dick Willis, who never could accumulate a batting average, hit the first ball into the new extension of the bleacheries for the circuit and won his own game, to the satisfaction of the greater part of the crowd.

Before that happened the result of the Lakeport and Spring Glen game was put up on the blackboard—Spring Glen, 6; Lakeport, 0.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

It had been a great opening day for Summerdale Park.

A great crowd had been in attendance, as crowds went at the lake, and the people had got their money's worth by seeing a great game.

Everybody was satisfied, except the Rockhaven team and their rooters.

The latter considered that Summerdale had won by a fluke.

They said Dick Willis could not repeat that hit he made in a hundred years.

Although Mr. Kingsford wished his side had won out, still he was perfectly satisfied with everything else, for he carried quite a bunch of money back with him to Rockhaven—and after all it is the money that counts in baseball.

The surprise of the day, until the details of the game were read in the local papers, was the defeat of Lakeport by Spring Glen.

It was the professional battery, backed by the strengthened team, that did it.

It was a matter of doubt if the professional pitcher had done better than Egan, the new twirler of Rockhaven.

He certainly put it all over Summerdale, allowing that team only three hits, one of which—Dick Willis'—had beaten him.

Spring Glen was scheduled to play at Summerdale on Saturday, and as there was a great deal of curiosity to see the comparatively new team, Joe looked for another big crowd.

He was not disappointed—the crowd came and once more Joe sold his special section out at ten cents extra per head.

The score-cards, which had made a hit with the crowd on the afternoon of the Fourth, sold well at this game, too.

Higgins pitched for Summerdale, and the professional for Spring Glen.

After a fine contest, Spring Glen won by a margin of two runs.

On the following Wednesday another good crowd saw Summerdale beat Lakeport.

Summerdale's next three games were played away from home, and for fourteen days there was nothing doing in the way of league ball at Summerdale Park, then on July 21, Rock-

haven appeared there once more, followed on Saturday by Spring Glen, and on the next Wednesday by Lakeport.

Then there was another two weeks' interval while Summerdale played at the other three parks on the circuit.

And so the season went on, with Spring Glen either one or two games in the lead, and Summerdale second, while Rockhaven and Lakeport, alternated, third.

Lakeport was not doing as well as was expected, and attendance at the home grounds suffered somewhat.

Joe took in the most money because Summerdale was playing a steady, consistent game, even if not in the lead; but the margin between Joe's players and the leaders was so narrow that the people of the town looked to see his team close the gap at every game.

The last day of the season, Labor Day, when morning and afternoon games were to be played, arrived, with Spring Glen still one game to the good.

With only two games to play, many private bets were made that Spring Glen would win the pennant, or, at the worst, tie with Summerdale.

Clarence Doane had attended most of the games and he always rooted against Joe's team.

He had found out that Joe was not only manager of the park and team, but the annual lessee of the property.

He discovered that Mr. Darling was the owner of the park, and then he understood how it had come about that Joe secured control of the property.

Joe was a steady visitor at the Darling cottage and, as the reader knows, in high favor with Dora, and this fact Clarence gradually got on to, and it did not improve his feelings toward Joe, whom he now hated with all the ardor of his little soul.

He longed for an opportunity to get even, but there seemed no possibility of such a thing happening.

That Joe was making money in baseball was pretty generally understood, for he had not had a poor day since the season opened.

The smartest move he had made was adding to the park's seating capacity.

Many persons who had remained away at times the preceding season because they didn't care to take the chances of standing, had no such fear now unless they came at the last moment, and even then they managed to find a seat, as a rule.

He had kept up the extra ten-cent charge for the covered sections of the bleacheries, because he found that his patrons were willing to pay it, although his original intention was only to make the charge on special occasions.

This money counted up when multiplied by eleven.

Then his score-card was a winner, as we have already explained.

It was the night before Labor Day, and Joe counted that his last day promised to be a hummer.

Clarence, who would return to the Wimbledon Academy in a few days, was sitting in his room in an ugly frame of mind.

With him was a crony who found it profitable to kowtow to him.

"I'd give \$100 to any one who would show me how to get square with Joe Lawless," said Clarence.

"Produce the mazuma and I'll show you how," said his friend.

"Tell me and I'll give you \$100 if it can be put through."

"Set fire to the park grandstand."

"Why, that's a crime!" fairly gasped the shoe manufacturer's son.

"What do you care so long as you're not caught?"

"But I would be caught."

"Not if you follow my lead. While the team was away in Lakeport yesterday I was over to the park playing ball with some of the high school boys. We got permission to use the diamond for a scrub match. Before the game I was nosing around behind the grandstand when I discovered a couple of loose boards that leads into a vacant space between the two dressing-rooms. I noticed that the carpenters had left a lot of shavings there and I thought how easy it would be to set the grandstand on fire if a lighted match came in contact with those shavings. The place is guarded by a night and day watchman. I know the night chap. He's a lush on the quiet and Lawless doesn't know it. If he was presented with a pint flask of liquor he'd drink himself into a state of stupidity. Now, if you'll get a bottle of booze I'll put it where Kelly will find it and in an hour or two he'll be snoring instead of watching. Then it will be easy for you to climb over the fence, pull the loose boards out of place, set fire to the shavings and skip. The park will go up in fire and smoke before morning, and that will put Joe Lawless out of business."

It was a rascally plot, but it arrested Clarence's attention. "I wish somebody would do it. I'd be willing to pay \$100," he said.

"What's the matter with you doing it yourself and saving most of the hundred. I'll only charge you \$25 for fixing the watchman."

"It's risky. If I was caught I'd be sent to jail."

"There isn't one chance in a hundred of you getting caught. It's easy."

"Will you go along with me and help?"

"I will if you pay me \$100 altogether."

"When will you take the liquor to the park?"

"Right away if you get it."

Clarence decided to get a bottle of whisky out of the cellar.

A quarter of an hour later Clarence's crony left for the park with the whisky bottle under his arm and \$25 in his pocket.

It was Sunday evening and Joe had passed the afternoon and dined with the Darling family, and the two important games of the morrow, both to be played on the park diamond, were discussed.

After tea, Billy and Joe went to the park together, as Joe had some business to attend to in his office which he wanted to finish up, for he would have no time to attend to it next day.

He finished up at half-past nine, locked up and he and Billy prepared to go.

At that moment a boy appeared at the top of the fence, near the main gate.

He dropped inside and started for the little room where the watchman ate his night lunch.

He looked cautiously around and placed the bottle, the cork of which had been partially drawn, beside the watchman's food pail.

When he turned to retrace his steps, Joe, who had followed him up, grabbed him.

"What brings you here at this time of night, Steve Baker?" he asked.

Steve, taken by surprise, was speechless.

"Tell the truth, or I'll turn you over to the police," said Joe.

After some hesitation Steve said that he had brought a bottle of whisky to Kelly, the night watchman.

Kelly turned up at that moment and Joe asked him if he had told Baker to fetch him the liquor.

The night watchman denied that he had made such an arrangement with Steve.

"What was your object in bringing the whisky to Kelly?" demanded Joe. "Where did you get it? It's a quart bottle of the finest three-star, and is easily worth \$2."

Steve didn't want to make an explanation.

Then a piece of paper with the name "Abner Doane" type-written on it struck Joe's eye.

"You got that whisky from Clarence Doane," he said, sharply.

Steve was compelled to admit that he had.

"It is evident you and Clarence are up to some game. What is it?" said Joe.

Steve wouldn't tell, but on being threatened with arrest he admitted that Clarence had paid him \$25 to bring the whisky and leave it where Kelly could find it.

Steve showed the money and Joe looked at Billy Thorpe.

The young manager knew that Clarence hated him, and the fact that he was willing to pay such a sum as \$25 merely to get a bottle of whisky to the night watchman gave the affair a serious look.

Clearly, Clarence's object was to get Kelly drunk.

"Look here, young man, if you don't tell me the truth back of this whisky I'll call an officer and have you taken to jail. When you're examined before the magistrate you will tell quick enough," said Joe, sharply.

Seeing that Joe meant business, Steven, in a panic, confessed that Clarence's object was to set fire to the grandstand and burn up the park that night.

His confession staggered both Joe and Billy.

It was so serious that Joe decided to take Steve to the Darling cottage.

The whisky bottle was brought along as evidence.

When the matter was put before the Boston merchant he was staggered, too.

After a consultation, the whole party proceeded to Abner Doane's house, got him out of bed, for he had retired early, and laid the facts before him.

He would have denied his son's connection with the case but for the evidence of the whisky bottle, with his name on it, which had come from his cellar.

He sent for his son who was impatiently awaiting Steve's return.

When he walked into the parlor and saw Joe, Steve and the other, and the hard look on his father's face, he turned white with fear.

When taxed with his contemplated crime he denied it and called Steve a liar.

Steve, seeing that Clarence intended to throw the guilt on him if he could, told several more facts that left no doubt of Clarence's guilt.

Clarence was sent back to his room and Abner Doane begged that Mr. Darling and Joe would not disgrace him by pressing the charge against his son.

They consented to hold off if he would settle the matter with his son himself in a way that would teach him a lesson.

"I'll do it," said the old man, in a tone that showed he meant business.

Next morning Abner called his gardener and coachman and ordered them to drag Clarence to the carriage-house.

Then the old man sent them away, picked up a horsewhip and gave his son a terrible whipping—one he never forgot for the rest of his life.

On the following day he was bundled off to the Wimbledon Academy.

A big morning crowd saw Summerdale beat Rockhaven, and when the blackboard announced the defeat of Spring Glen by Lakeport, a tremendous yell went up, for everybody knew that the pennant now depended on the result of the afternoon game between Summerdale and Spring Glen.

That the park would be tested to its utmost capacity was a foregone conclusion, and Joe proceeded to provide for all emergencies.

He asked for a double force of policemen to keep the crowd within bounds.

He also ordered his aids to be on hand earlier than usual.

The game was scheduled for 3.30, and when it began, with Dick in the box for Summerdale, the attendance at the park had broken all the league records.

That the players on either side were keyed up by the knowledge that the winner would bear off the pennant was seen in their playing.

Most of them were nervous, and many fumbles of grounders took place among the infielders.

Billy Thorpe was an exception.

He was coolness itself, and his playing was sometimes marvelous.

His great work gradually steadied his team-mates, and when the sixth inning was finished Summerdale's victory seemed almost certain.

Spring Glen began the ninth inning four runs behind.

As Dick Willis was at his best, the visitors had apparently no chance to win.

The first batter reached Willis for a single, and the next man put the ball into the crowd back of the ropes, which gave two bases under the ground rules.

Dick lost his nerve for the moment and hit the next batter, filling the bases.

Then the Spring Glen rooters began to yell, for things looked good to them.

With two balls and two strikes on the next man, Dick let loose a high fast one over the plate.

The batter lined it out low between short and second and it looked as safe as any hit ever did and every runner started on a wild scramble toward home.

Billy Thorpe threw himself bodily at the ball and speared it while on his side, a foot from the ground.

Rolling over, he snapped the ball to Captain Nevins at second, and Nevins hurled it to the first baseman, completing a brilliant triple play and winning the game.

Summerdale had won the pennant and pandemonium ensued.

Thus Joe's first season as a baseball manager ended in a halo of glory and a big balance in bank over all expenses.

To-day Joe, the husband of Dora, is president and manager of one of the major league organizations, and he is making big money in baseball.

Next week's issue will contain "A BOY BROKER'S DOLLARS; OR, THE MYSTERY OF A MONEY-VAULT." (A Wall Street story.)

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

According to recent laws enacted in Melbourne, Aus., no Sunday papers are permitted, no hotels are allowed to open their barrooms from midnight on Saturday until Monday morning, and any one driving past a place of worship at a faster pace than a walk while service is in progress is liable to be arrested.

News comes from Perryville, Ky., that when the two daughters of Smith Cox, who lives on the J. W. Moss farm, awakened the other morning they found a huge black-snake coiled on the foot of their bed. One of the girls in the dim light mistook it for a garment and attempted to pick it up. Their frightened screams brought their father, who killed the reptile.

Eighteen persons were killed outright and twenty-two others were injured when a bridge spanning a ravine at Bantam, Island of Java, in the Dutch East Indies, collapsed, according to a cablegram received the other day from Batavia. The accident occurred while the bridge was crowded with pilgrims making their way to the shrine of Bantam for religious ceremonials.

Forty persons were drowned and immense property damage done by a cloudburst over the district about Vladikavkaz in the Caucasian Mountain, according to a despatch received from there recently. Thirty miles of the tracks of the Vladikavkaz Railroad between Besslau and Syepzowsk were washed away and many buildings destroyed. Vladkavkaz is an important military station.

Kansas lawyers are now grieved and indignant because some of the cattlemen are inclined to settle their disputes without resorting to the courts. The disputants choose three men as an arbitration committee, and the committee decides each case. Not long ago a case involving \$60,000 was thus settled in Eureka, and not a dollar went to the lawyers. No wonder they tear their hair as they finger their empty pockets.

Wishing Ring, a four-year-old colt, owned by J. B. Respass, the Cincinnati turfman, won the sixth race at Latonia recently, at odds of 900 to 1, which is believed to be the biggest price ever paid against a winning horse through the pari-mutual system of betting such as is used on Kentucky tracks. Under the old system of bookmaking, Poytonia, at 1,000 to 1, won at Washington Park, Chicago, in 1894. The exact amount paid in the 2 mutals on Wishing Ring were \$1,885.50 for \$2 to win; \$744.40 for \$2, second, and 172.40 for \$2, third. There were only \$2 tickets sold on the horse.

The tremendous profit in baseball pools and the small chances of the player getting any return on his speculation were demonstrated the other day in the Central police

court, when it was alleged that three men in Philadelphia collected between \$1,700 and \$1,800 a day on pools and paid out an average of \$80 a day to the winners. The testimony was given by Central Office detectives at the preliminary hearing of Charles Hemming and Joseph Markins. The men had been arrested, charged with being gamblers for their activity in distributing the drawing cards for the baseball pools.

Frederick Haverly, a settlement worker, of Kentish town, North London, England, tells a remarkable story of kidnapping and branding recently. He says he was lured into an automobile by two men, who drugged him. When he awoke he was in a cellar, tied hand and foot. He was taken upstairs to a room, where a number of men in black hoods like inquisitors tried to make him retract certain statements. They tortured him with a flexible band of steel around his head and branded his forehead with the letter "H" for heretic. He was afterward liberated in a fainting condition and found himself on the high road near Barnet. The police are now investigating his story. One clue is a document in red ink, written in Italian, which the inquisitors placed in Haverly's pocket.

Several pretty girl members of the graduating class of the high school, at Atlantic City, N. J., created a sensation the other morning by appearing in classes with one leg covered with a black silk stocking, while the other was covered with white. It was done to advertise a minstrel show to be given by their fraternity. Prof. Miller, the Principal, noticed considerable agitation, and it did not take him long to learn the cause. He directed the young ladies to go into an adjoining class-room, in company with one of the women teachers, and there they had to change about until each pair of legs was garbed in colors that matched. After the changes were made, Supt. Boyer made an inspection and was shown just enough hose above the shoe tops to be convinced that the proper exchange had been made.

To find a large South American tapir in her chicken yard among her Plymouth Rocks was the experience of Mrs. Charles Ruggles of No. 910 Highland avenue, when she started out to feed the family flock the other day. Mrs. Ruggles screamed and the entire neighborhood was aroused. The animal had been badgered by dogs and was in a rage when the keepers of the show, from which it had escaped, arrived. Some of them were severely bitten before he was captured. The tapir, which cost \$1,000, had broken out of his cage in the animal arena of the show. Searchers were out thirty-six hours, but could not find the animal. He had been feasting on the surrounding strawberries and had destroyed several beds. The management promptly paid the large reward offered for his capture, and the women in the neighborhood have come out of their storm cellars and everything is tranquil again.

THE "RED BOYS"

OR,

THE YOUNGEST CHAMPIONS OF THE DIAMOND

By H. K. SHACKLEFORD

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued)

Nan blushed rosy red and looked confused. Jennie stole an arm about her waist, and Nan drew close to her like a frightened child.

The Avon sports had won heavily, and every girl was invited to a sumptuous supper at the hotels. The Red Boys were hailed with delight by the boys who rejoiced that a boy nine had won the game. All wanted to see Buck Hardin who had slung a bull by the tail. The small boy believed he was a David who had downed his Goliath, and that great things were in store for him. He was called for constantly, but he would not leave Nan Joline's side.

"These Troy Champions feel very sore over their defeat," said Harry Martin, coming into the hotel and speaking to all the boys. "Keep well together and utter no harsh word to anybody. Miss Berkeley, our boys have done well, eh?"

"Yes, indeed," said Cicely. "I am sorry I did not have \$1,000 to put up on the game."

"I wish I had," said Harry.

"I am going to be ready for the next game," said Cicely, laughing. "I'll put up all my jewelry and bet every diamond."

"You might lose," said Phil.

"Then I'd have a good cry and get an awful scolding," she replied.

"I wouldn't risk all on a single game," Phil remarked. "I don't think it would be wise to do so."

"But you would do your best to win if you knew I had risked all, would you not?"

"I do my best to win every game we play," he replied. "I should be very sorry to have you lose on us."

"I would be afraid to bet all my diamonds on the Red Boys, and I know that Nan feels that way, too. Just look at her now, I do believe she is in love with Buck Hardin," and she looked over at another table, where sat Buck and the fair Nannie in half whispered conversation, utterly oblivious of their surroundings.

"She couldn't love a better fellow if she tried ever so hard," Phil remarked as he watched the couple.

"He is a fine fellow," she remarked. "But what a row her folks would make if she should fall in love with him."

"Yes," and Phil looked serious. "I think some of you girls should keep away from us poor boys."

"Why?" and she looked him full in the face.

"Because it's a hard fate when one loves and loses."

"But if Nan loves she'd go to the end of the world with him—family or no family."

"Good for Nan! I like a plucky girl as well as a plucky boy."

The signal for the train startled them and all arose and made a rush. They were soon on board the excursion train. Martin saw Phil, and said:

"There's a hitch about the gate receipts and I am going to stay over till to-morrow for a settlement. Tell my wife about it as soon as you get to Avon."

"I will. Hope there will be no trouble over the money?"

"They are in bad humor, and there is some old quarrel to be patched up I believe."

The train started and in due time arrived at Avon. The local sports had won a good deal of money and were in a humor to paint the village red. Phil and Buck escorted Cicely and Nan to their homes.

When they were together again, soon after leaving the girls, Buck said to Phil:

"It's a dead secret between us, Phil, I am engaged to Nan Joline."

"Whew!" and Phil came to a stop and whistled.

"Yes. She just owned up, and said it was all O. K. between us. Says we must wait two years, keep the secret and build a neat little home before we hitch. She is going to bet her diamonds on us, get a start and pile up money, while I am to lay up half I make playing ball."

Phil whistled again.

"You always were a bold fellow, Buck," he finally said.

"That's the way to get along," Buck replied. "Don't be afraid. Seize the bull by the tail and sling him around. Why don't you go for Cicely Berkeley? She is just peaches and cream sweet on you."

"Heavens! I am only a boy and she a young lady grown!"

"She's only eighteen and you a little over seventeen. I am only eighteen, and we are going to wait two years. You can wait too. But you want to get her promise. Alex Heath is dead in love with her, you know, and is very rich, too."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TWO MEN UNDER THE TREES.

The two ball players passed under the trees where Phil had been attacked two weeks before on a dark night when he saved himself by a vigorous use of a bat.

Buck Hardin had accepted an invitation to spend the night with him, which accounts for his being with Phil.

They passed on and were soon out of sight in the darkness.

But a couple of minutes later two dark forms stepped out from behind the trees.

"Somebody is with him," said one in a low tone of voice to the other.

"Yes; it's Buck Hardin. Didn't you hear what Buck was saying to him?"

"No. I caught only a few words. What did he say?"

"All I caught was this: 'Why don't you go for Cicely Berkeley? She is just peaches and cream sweet on you.'"

"The deuce! Did Buck say that to Phil Fordyce?"

"Yes."

"Well, hanged if I don't believe it's half true—if not all."

Alex gritted his teeth, and hissed:

"If he gets in my way there, I'll kill him as sure as my name is Alex Heath."

They were Alex Heath and Fred Joline. They had concealed to waylay Phil Fordyce, and this time were armed. Buck Hardin's presence probably saved Phil's life—or at least from a terrific beating.

"I have heard that Nan has been saying some very pleasant things about Buck Hardin since that bull scrape last week," remarked Alex as they walked homeward, arm in arm.

"Oh, yes. I've heard her myself say he was as brave as a lion, and as handsome as he was brave. We can't stop Nan in anything. The best way to manage her is not to oppose her in anything she wants to do. She'll get disgusted with him after awhile. If the old folks raised a row, she'd go right off and marry him, boy as he is."

"But Cicely may be built the same way," said Alex. "If I kill the cub she can't get stuck on him."

"Oh, but that won't do, you know," said Fred.

"But I'll make it do if I find she is in love with him," and Alex gritted his teeth in a desperate rage.

"Well, you want to go with her more than you do. Go to the ball games, bet on the games, and let her see the contrasts between a boy like him and an educated gentleman."

"I was thinking of that the other day. I am going to all the games after this."

The two young men separated and went to their respective homes at a late hour. When they met at the post-office the next morning they heard everybody talking about the Red Boys at Troy and the splendid pitching of Buck Hardin. Over \$2,000 had been brought back by the local sports, and \$3,000 more would probably be brought down by Harry Martin when he came—all for the Red boys. The tradesmen of the village would get increased trade, and bills would be paid that had been running too. Judge Aiken, who owned the bull that chased Nan Joline's red parasol, was there and said:

"That baseball nine is worth more to the town this season than any nine men in it."

The day passed and no news had come from Harry Martin. Two dispatches awaited him at his store. His wife finally opened them. One was a challenge from the Elm Club at New Haven and the other from the club at Spring-

field, both challenging the Red Boys to match games. She sent for Phil and told him.

"Good! That means more money for us," and he sent word to the other members. It electrified the village. Everybody was glad. Two hours later a challenge came from Brooklyn. Then, a little before night one came from Philadelphia.

"Boys, our fortune is made," exclaimed Phil. "If we win in all four places it'll be at least \$20,000 for the club."

The boys were jubilant. They were at Martin's store just at sunset, when a telegram came from him to his wife.

"Tell the boys I'll be down on the 10:15 train. Money all right."

That's what she read to them. They gave a shout that woke up the street. People ran out of the other stores to hear the news, and when they did hear it, they rejoiced too.

"Let's meet him at the train in uniform, boys," suggested Tom West, and it was agreed to.

They hurried home to supper and came out again in the red colors of the nine. Half the town turned out, and when Martin got off the train a great cheer greeted him.

"There was a good deal of growling and kicking," Harry said; "but they paid the money at last. I want to deposit it in the safe of the Riverside House till to-morrow morning, when it will be divided."

The crowd marched to the Riverside House, a big summer hotel, where the clerk counted the money—\$3,100 in all—and locked it up in the big safe.

Then the sports wanted to have some fun. They called on Harry for a speech, but he wouldn't say a word. Then they seized Phil Fordyce and demanded that he tell them how the game up at Troy was won.

They stood him up on a chair, and he began by telling exciting incidents of the game. The crowd cheered and Phil seemed to forget where he was. He spoke rapidly, using well-chosen words to describe the enthusiasm of the Avon girls at a critical moment. He was eloquent, and ere he was aware of it the stairway was packed with ladies eagerly listening to his glowing tribute to the magical influence of the girls on the energies of the Red Boys. He denounced the conduct of the Troy team in scathing terms, and raised a laugh at the expense of the umpire. When he ceased the crowd nearly raised the roof of the hotel.

"Hanged if that boy isn't a natural born orator!" exclaimed an elderly guest of the house. "I never heard a neater speech in my life, and he seemed to be utterly unconscious of the fact that he was making a speech, too."

The sports seized him and bore him about the office on their shoulders.

"He is a baseball orator!" cried someone in the crowd.

"And can speak as well as he can play, too!" cried another.

"You bet he can."

Buck Hardin was astonished.

(To be Continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

HATS IN THEATRES.

A decision of the High Court of Brandenburg, Germany, allows women to wear hats of any size they please in a theatre. Herr von Jagow, the head of the Berlin police, issued an order that no woman was to be allowed to wear a hat during a theatrical performance. Offenders were to be punished. The Actors' Association brought an action to determine the legality of this decision, and the lower court upheld Herr von Jagow. The ruling of the High Court allows the possibility of a definite order of the Berlin police authorities being ignored by the public.

LARIAT SAVES A DROWNING MAN.

The most peculiar rescue of a drowning man ever effected along the bay shore was that of Nicholas Cook, of Santa Monica, Cal. He is a workman on a pier and fell into the sea, together with a heavy iron wheelbarrow.

His feet became entangled in the barrow and it held him under, with only his hands protruding from the breakers. He waved frantically and attracted the attention of Arthur Wildes, another workman, who was formerly a cowboy.

Wildes snatched up a long rope, tied it in a noose and lassoed the hands. So accurate was his aim that at the first cast his noose slipped upon the wrists and tightened, and Cook was drawn to safety.

The wheelbarrow came up with him.

NO FLAG ABOVE OLD GLORY.

That no flag, banner or emblem should be officially permitted to wave above the Stars and Stripes is the contention of Senator Heyburn. He understands that on forts and battleships, other ensigns are often elevated above the national colors.

To ascertain the actual facts Mr. Heyburn the other afternoon offered two resolutions, which were adopted by the Senate. One is addressed to the Secretary of the Navy and the other to the Secretary of War. Each calls for the real situation concerning this matter in the Army and Navy.

In the opinion of Mr. Heyburn there should be legislation, if necessary, to prevent any official of the Government from displaying any emblem, flag or banner above Old Glory.

THE FASTEST GROWING BEAN.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Field of Boston, who has no other known name, it is said, the foreign plant introduction office of the Department of Agriculture has just come into the possession of a wonderful bean, which Mr. Field, as he dropped in upon David Fairchild, in charge of the office mentioned, likes to call the bean of the plant celebrated as the vine from which sprang Jack's celebrated beanstalk.

The bean Mr. Field had with him came from Jamaica and is known there as the canaveleta. The natives say it grows faster than a man can walk and they attribute to it

fairly properties. The Department will try to grow some of the vines for ornamental purposes in Washington this summer if it shall be able to endure the kind of temperature Washington offers. If the plant does not come to maturity a good bit of it is expected to make its planting worth while. Washington has lots of spots it would like to cover with something that grows green in a hurry.

"BOMB" WAS A TOBACCO JAR.

Arthur Derrick, of No. 954 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., received recently from a messenger unknown to him a pasteboard box wrapped in light brown paper. Within was a round object with what looked like two fuses protruding from a hole in the top.

Trembling lest he be blown into atoms before he reached his destination, Mr. Derrick made all haste to the Ralph avenue station, where he carefully handed the box to Lieutenant Carey, who let it soak in a bucket of water. Then Patrolman Mahland carefully removed the round object.

The supposed bomb proved to be only a plaster skull, evidently intended for a tobacco jar. Inside was a package of tobacco fastened with a cord, the two ends of which had been mistaken by Mr. Derrick for fuses. On the skull was the inscription "Better to Smoke Now than Hereafter."

Mr. Derrick told Lieutenant Carey he had had trouble with some of his former tenants, and he suspected some one of them had sent him an infernal machine. He was chagrined to find he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

GIVES UP EVANGELISM.

After being converted by Billy Sunday at Canton, O., last January and actively taking up evangelistic work, Jack Cardiff, boxing instructor at the Y. M. C. A. and claimant to the welterweight championship, will now abandon his newly chosen field and return to the roped arena. "A man must live," says Cardiff, in explanation.

The boxing instructor plans to fight under a commission of five Canton business and professional men and to invite all the ministers of the city to be present. His first go was scheduled for this city July 3 and it was the first ring bout here within a year because of the objections of ministers. Cardiff will not give up his study of the Bible, however, so he says.

"I am enthusiastic," he declared, "but I realize the amount of money it will take to prepare me for the work of evangelism and in the meantime I must support myself and wife."

Mick McKinney, president of the Standard Athletic Club, is aiding Cardiff in promoting ring contests here. It is expected that Cardiff's opponent will be Jimmy Gardner, of Lowell, Mass. Propositions also have been made to Young Erne and Fighting Harp Fitzgerald. Jimmy Dime, of Newcastle, will train the evangelist fighter and Tom McMann of Newcastle, will be his sparring partner.

IN THE KLONDIKE

OR,

A BRAVE FIGHT FOR GOLD AND FAME

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I.

A FAIR YOUNG HEROINE.

"What a perfectly lovely sunset. How I do wish we could stop long enough to make a sketch of it. If I only had my pencils I would try to do it as we go along. Mamma, just imagine how grand that huge boulder would look in a picture. It is so majestic, so stately. A party of sight-seers, say a dozen or so, could camp there in safety from the sun's hot rays."

And the speaker, a slender, graceful blonde maiden of nineteen years or so, leaned forward in her seat so that she might have a better view of the scene through which the big, heavy stage-coach was rumbling in its own way, rolling and swaying from side to side, lumbering up hills, dashing madly down steep inclines where it seemed impossible for the horses to keep out of the way of the wheels that threatened to touch the pair nearest them. Circling rocky curves, brushing against overhanging ledges, yet never coming to the grief which the pale, aristocratic looking lady inside constantly predicted for it, and the destruction of every passenger with it.

That she was the mother of the young girl, who had gone into raptures over the wild, rugged, yea grand scene, even a stranger could not doubt. But where the daughter admired, the mother complained, declaring they would never live to return to dear New York, the only place in the wide world not inhabited by savages.

Her complaints caused an amused smile to light up the otherwise sad face of a fine-looking man not yet far away from the early forties. The rich brown hair was thickly studded with silver, and the expression of sorrow in the dark eyes made him appear older, but when he smiled one saw how handsome he really was, and that it was grief not years that had whitened his locks and lined his broad, scholarly brow. As his stepdaughter ceased speaking, for that was his relationship to the blonde beauty, he remarked carelessly, yet with twinkling eyes:

"Yes, my dear, a huge boulder indeed. And speaking of a shelter for a picnic party, what an ideal spot for a band of outlaws to fire upon a passing stage-coach—ours, for instance."

A startled cry came from the young lady's lips, and she grew pale beneath the perfumed pearl powder which aided Miss Hildred Darrell in possessing that extremely delicate

complexion—one of her chief attractions—and of which she was very vain. She clutched her father's coat sleeve with nervous, trembling fingers, for courage was not one of her virtues, asking tremulously:

"Papa, do you mean that we are in danger of being waylaid and robbed, perhaps even murdered, by those horrid outlaws? Oh, I wish we had never left New York. I wish we had never come out to this wild, dreadful place. I am going to start for home when the next town is reached."

"And leave all the scenery you were raving over a moment ago?" the gentleman questioned, with a laugh. "My dear, I thought you had more courage than to let a mere joke upset you. There are no road agents that I know of in any part of the country at present."

"Then I must say that such jokes are in exceedingly poor taste," the sharp, fretful voice of Mrs. Darrell broke in. "You know, James, how timid and shrinking Hildred is, and in such a time as this, too. The dear child will be ill to pay for it, see if she is not."

Judge Darrell made no reply to his wife, but his quiet smile spoke volumes, for he remembered the fits of temper his timid, shrinking stepdaughter had indulged in when her unfortunate dressmaker was late with a ball dress on several different occasions. Long ago he had discovered his fatal mistake in making the widow of a distant cousin his wife. He was not the man, however, to admit it, and after a few attempts she learned that she could quarrel with him, for her unkind remarks were always met with a polite, though chilling silence.

There were two others in this family party, both of them young men, mere youths in fact, for the eldest was not twenty-one, and his companion a full year younger. The former, a handsome enough youth in a dark, dashing style, but with an expression that few liked and none trusted. His eyes, bold, black, roving, held a look in their dusky depths that was not pleasant, and a close observer and student of human nature would see something cruel in the thin line about his lips. It was the face of one who wished to learn the secrets of others, but who was silent concerning his own affairs—just the type not to trust, for the old saying, "a close mouth makes a wise head, but not a true friend," is the truest ever written.

The face of the younger youth was not only handsome, but frank, open, manly. The noble nature of the boy was stamped in every line of his finely-cut features, and the deep blue eyes—eyes that were so dark a blue that they

were often taken for black. His complexion was as fair as the other's was dark, his waving hair a shining brown, with a glint of gold in the midst of the silken tendrils that fell over a marble-white brow.

The first thought of one meeting him was his beauty, the second, a wonder at the pallor of his face, too white for perfect health. And that was the reason why we find him in company with his half brother Basil, his guardian, and uncle, Judge Darrell and family, traveling in the West in search of health, believing that the clear, crisp, bracing Colorado air would do more good than all the medicine in the world, taken in the uncertain winter weather of New York. Always strong and robust, a model of physical strength and athletic beauty, with no long illness or no apparent reason, his health had been failing for some months. The best and most skilful physicians were consulted, but they were baffled, one and all. In despair one suggested change of scene, and he lost no time in leaving New York, to the regret of his friends, for Alain Claire, or Allie, as his near friends called him, was a great favorite, while Basil, his half brother, was not liked at all. Alain, knowing this, sought to make up for it, trying to make himself believe it was because he would inherit a princely fortune when he reached his majority, while Basil would have but a few thousands.

Basil's father and Alain's were brothers, the former being blessed with but little of this world's goods, and shortly after his death his widow became the wife of his brother, who had just returned from California with a fortune. Her first marriage was not a happy one, but in the last union she lived a life of perfect, undisturbed bliss, and when her husband died she did not long survive him. The entire fortune was left to Alain by his father, Basil's share not being over five thousand. The kind hearted boy would a hundred times rather have it otherwise, and he had secretly resolved that when he came into possession of his fortune, Basil should have one-half. He said nothing about it, however, keeping his intentions to himself. Shortly before the father's death, the elder son had openly defied him, showing such a nature that the will was changed, and he had no one to blame but himself. He hated Alain, though pretending to be so anxious about him and his health. Mrs. Darrell had also decided that when the fortune was in the hands of the young heir he should wed her fair daughter, the daughter secretly cherishing the same idea, for she was very fond of the young man whom she called cousin Allie.

Seeing a storm brewing, Alain was the first to prevent it, as he had many a time in the past. With a gay laugh that he was far from feeling, for the last ten days he had been failing rapidly, he said:

"If there are any outlaws in this part of the West, and they stop us, one good look at me and you will see them getting away so fast that their coat-tails will stand out straight. They will take me for a living ghost. So you see, cousin, that you are safe with me."

The fast falling shadows of the coming night concealed the evil smile that accompanied those easy words, and in the gloom of the stage coach no one was able to see the glitter in the shifty, black eyes. A sigh fell from Alain's lips as he thought of the time when he was the first in

every sport. There was not a boy in college who could handle the oars with him, and there were only about half a dozen who dared put on a pair of gloves and stand in the ring with him. In his regiment, too, for he was a member of the gallant Seventh, the pet of the fair sex, he was noted as being the best shot. At Creedmoor he never missed a medal. And now, he was so ill, so weak, his ambition all gone, his one desire being—rest. It did not seem possible for such a superb specimen of splendid young manhood to fade into a semi-invalid in so short a space of time.

"You are all wrong about this bracing air doing Alice so much good," Mrs. Darrell remarked plaintively. "The hardships he will be forced to endure will surely kill him. I do not understand, James, why you would have me suffer also. Well, you will go back to New York with two less than you left it. I never could stand exposure, and ever since we left the city I have felt myself failing."

Mrs. Darrell's plaint day and night was her delicate state of health. She would lie for days upon a sofa, languid, feeble, unable to bear even the sound of her husband's voice. But let her receive cards for a fashionable ball, and lo! as if by magic, the fretful invalid blossomed forth into a stately matron of such splendor and delicate beauty, that she was often taken for Hildred's elder sister. And although they were mother and daughter, they were really jealous of each other, strange as it may seem. Mrs. Darrell had been a reigning belle in her youth, and she was not ready to yield up her kingdom to her lovely daughter.

"Why, Aunt Marcia, you are improving every day," Alain replied, knowing her weakness. "I never saw you have a finer tint in your cheek. You are looking younger than Hildred, upon my word you are!"

"I am not the type to grow old," the lady returned, graciously. "I will look no older ten years from now than I do to-day. It is the dark, bold type that coarsens so rapidly."

As she finished speaking, she glanced coldly at a slender, upright figure sitting in the darkest corner of the coach. It was that of a young girl not more than seventeen or eighteen, and the occupants of the dark, swaying conveyance had no opportunity of seeing the beautiful face, save when she boarded it at the small town when the driver had stopped to change horses. Then, with the afternoon sunlight shining full upon the rounded, yet girlish figure, in its plain, cheap dress, the perfect face, with its red, tremulous mouth, the dimpled chin, the creamy skin, soft and fair as a lily petal, the dark eyes shaded by black silken lashes, so long that they cast a shadow upon the velvety cheek, the proud, graceful head, overrun with curls like strands of brown satin, on which rested a broad-brimmed felt hat, pinned up in front by a large, silver star, they stared at the vision in amazement, for a fairer face, a more perfect form, not one among them had ever beheld. The short skirt revealed a pair of dainty feet, and the gloveless hands, clasping the guitar case, were small, though somewhat tanned from exposure to sun and wind. Every movement had the grace of a wild fawn, and she carried herself with the dignity of a young queen.

(To be Continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

Peter Henry Carpenter, inventor of the toy balloon, which amassed fortunes for others, recently entered on his seventy-seventh year, on the meager wage of \$8 a week. He sold his patent for \$500. Carpenter lives in New Jersey. He is an odd character, believing that fifty cents a day is enough for any one to live on.

President Taft recently signed the act of Congress limiting to eight hours the daily service of laborers and mechanics employed on government work, and immediately afterward issued an executive order exempting any contract in connection with the Panama Canal until January 1, 1915. The canal will be finished before that date, according to the expectation of the engineers.

Captain Dunbar of the steamship Buckminster, which arrived at New York recently from Cuban ports, said that when seventy miles south of the Winter Quarter Shoals lightship, off the Virginian coast, she ran through a school of more than 150 green turtles, some of which were more than five feet long. It is unusual for turtles to travel so far north. Captain Dunbar thinks the Gulf Stream is working in northward at this point and that the turtles were in this current.

When Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hoffarth of 145 Nepperham avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., returned to their home the other day after an absence of twenty-four hours, they found that almost everything of value had been stolen. The police investigated, and found neighbors who said they saw an automobile stop in front of the house late on Sunday night. Several men alighted and entered the premises. They were seen entering the automobile shortly afterward, carrying gripsacks and bundles. It did not occur to the onlookers that the men were burglars, so they failed to notify the police.

Four boys, each eleven years old, were burying alive Carl Warth, four years old, of No. 9908 Carfield avenue, Cleveland, O., the other day, when his screams attracted his mother. As a result a probationer, Charles Heberthart, has summoned the boys to the juvenile court. The story Mrs. Wrath told Heberthart was gruesome. The four boys didn't like little Carl and they planned to punish him. They dug a grave six feet long, three feet wide and four feet deep in a vacant lot back of the Warth house. Then they enticed Carl into the lot, shoved him into the grave and began shovelling dirt over the helpless boy.

The Krupps have just designed a new safety shell especially intended not to burst prematurely and scatter splinters dangerously in the combined training of infantry and artillery with live ammunition. This shell is of thick steel with slits in the walls, containing powdered chalk enclosed in a tin. It is fired with an ordinary time fuse,

and when this acts a half-ounce burster attached to it splits the tin and blows out the chalk through the slits in the walls of the shell, giving the appearance of an ordinary shrapnel burst in air or on graze. This shell can be fired over infantry as safely as a solid shot, and is considerably cheaper than shrapnel.

After sixteen hundred years of silence, the Paris Arena, where once Roman gladiators fought, will now resound to the plaudits of a modern audience assembled to witness the skill of modern gladiators in the shape of pugilists. Instead of the cestus the boxing glove will be the weapon of offense. The arena has been partly excavated and restored and, to give it some semblance of its old use, Carpentier, the middleweight champion of England and France, will give boxing exhibitions. This, however, is not the main attraction of the planned performances. The arena will form an open air theatre, in which the tragedy of "Caesar and Cleopatra," by Paul Suchon, is to be given in a few weeks. Between the acts of this drama the French champion will do his boxing.

That the Japanese are determined to do more night fighting than ever in the next war may be inferred from the fact that they have just introduced into the service an illuminating 50-pound shell for the heavy field gun, containing sufficient magnesium composition to give a bright light for fully twelve minutes. In battle salvos of these shells will be fired into an enemy's works before the assault is delivered. It has been found by experiment with dummy figures that the defenders when they stand up to fire are sharply silhouetted against the light, enabling the attacking infantry to take good aim at them while they are lying invisible in the dark. The Russians, too, have learned their lesson as to night fighting from the Manchurian war, and are issuing searchlights at the rate of one per regiment to permit the delivery of well aimed rifle fire at night both in attack and defense.

One of the most active members of the brokerage division of the cottonseed product trade is Miss Kathryn Ballou of Memphis, Tenn., who is believed to be the only woman broker in the business. Miss Ballou has made a really remarkable success ever since she started in to sell cottonseed products, and her business is still growing. Along in July, 1910, Miss Ballou made a sale of ninety-two tanks of crude oil for future delivery, which is believed to have been the largest sale known in the history of the cotton seed oil trade, and this was an advertisement which spread her fame far and wide. Miss Ballou first went into the business as an employee in the office of a broker in Memphis. But after a year there she started out for herself, on a very small scale at first. Her business increased to such an extent, however, that she now has two large offices in the Exchange Building and a large and competent office force to take care of her orders.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

To save the loss of knotty box lumber a Californian has just invented a machine to saw the knot-holes out to a uniform size and to cut plugs to be fitted into them.

Vinamas M. McNamara, who has been hunted thirteen years for the murder of James S. Keller in Lexington, Ky., February 28, 1899, was apprehended in the lobby of a Louisville hotel by Sheriff Scott and was taken to Lexington and lodged in jail. He admitted his identity.

The business district of the town of Canning, in the Annapolis Valley, N. S., was practically wiped out by fire early the other morning. Only three buildings in the industrial section remain standing. The loss totals nearly \$70,000. The blaze is said to have started in the store of the Cornwallis Trading Company. The flames spread with great rapidity. Canning is the home of Sir Frederick Borden, former Minister of Militia.

There are still some pretty good sized catfish in the Missouri river. Two fishermen took one from a net near the Hannibal Bridge the other morning that weighed 125 pounds and was a scant inch short of five feet in length. The fishermen walked into the city market with the big fish suspended across their shoulders. Fish dealers at the market said it was the largest Missouri river catfish that had been brought in in ten years. The fish measured eleven inches between the eyes.

Cloth made from seaweed is the very latest thing. The seaweed used is found on the southern coast of South Australia. It grows on a limestone bottom, but the action of the tide through many centuries has sifted over it masses of shells and sand until the plant, forcing its way upward, lies on a deposit of its own fiber, intermixed with sand and shells, and varying in thickness from four to twenty-four feet. This fiber has been used for bedding and upholstering purposes, for rope, mats, linoleum, army blankets and paper. Mixed with wool it weaves into an excellent cloth. The present difficulty is the expense of raising the fiber, ninety-nine tons of sand, shells and debris coming up with every ton of pure fiber.

Ganz Essler, 14 years old, of 1124 Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J., at 2 o'clock the other morning saw a man leaving the warehouse of the Bomadell Mercantile Company, directly opposite. The man hurried down the street, passing Christopher Grevner, a bartender, and William Cassler, a night watchman. Immediately after this there came an explosion in the warehouse, which contained raw rubber worth \$25,000. Flames shot out. Firemen put out the blaze quickly. But Chief Michael Dunn discovered that the flames seemed to have started in three parts of the two-story brick building at once. He reported this to the police and Detectives McClaughrey and Schaffer investigated and arrested Edward E. Wilhelmi, President of the Mercantile Company, at his office, No. 95 River street, on a charge of arson. Grevner and Cassler were sure he was the man they had met just before the alarm was given. Recorder McGovern held Wilhelmi without bail.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"Ever surrounded by wolves?" "No; but I knew the sensation. I used to open the dining room doors at a summer hotel."

Mrs. De Good—Wouldn't it be a good idea to put your money in the big family Bible? Deacon De Good (contemptuously)—Y-e-s, and some day the minister will drop in and cabbage every cent of it.

Bridget—Shall I l'ave the hall-lamp burnin', ma'am? Mistress—No. I am pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home before daylight. He kissed me three times before he left and gave me \$20 for a new spring bonnet.

"Look here, Mr. Clerk," said the fussy guest at the hotel, "there are two teeth gone out of that comb in the washroom." "Oh, is that so?" replied the clerk, busy at the desk. "I'll have the dentist in to-morrow, to look at it!"

Thief (acquitted of stealing a watch, to his advocate)—I thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart. I have no money to pay you; but here is the watch; take it; it is the best I can do for you, and I may have another job for you soon.

Traveler—Eh? Has this hotel changed hand? Clerk—Yes, the old landlord busted up—owed thousands of dollars to all the provision dealers in the neighborhood. For every ten dollars he took in he spent twenty. Traveler—Too bad! Too bad! He's the only landlord I ever met who knew how to keep a hotel.

Band Leader—You wants us to blay mit der funeral? Ees it a military funeral? Stranger—No; it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral. Band Leader (proudly)—My pand, eh? Vy he shoose my pand? Stranger—He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

By Kit Clyde.

A fair, bright spring day, and all around Valley Homestead bright with sunshine.

It was such a pretty cottage house, with flowers blooming everywhere.

Standing by the window was a girl of eighteen, tall, slender and graceful—a girl whose face was fair as a lily, with crowning golden hair and lovely, liquid eyes of forget-me-not blue.

By the little inlaid table near the center of the room sat an elderly lady, some sewing lying idly in her lap, while she watched the girlish form at the window.

Suddenly Evelyn turned toward her with an expression of terror on her face.

"Mamma," she said, "I have such a strange dread hanging over me—a dread of I know not what."

"You are nervous, dear. Go out and take a walk and you will be better."

"I will go down the lane and gather a basket of wild flowers, mamma, and if Vernet comes tell him to wait for me."

"You had better put on a hat, dear."

"I like to be bareheaded; I like the soft breeze among my hair. I will only go far enough to gather the flowers, for I am going out with Vernet."

After Evelyn went out, Mrs. Dalton sat sewing, a half-pensive expression on her face.

"I hope she will never hear it," she said; "she is so sensitive and delicate, the blow would be terrible."

At this instant a gentleman entered the room—a handsome youth of twenty-three.

It was Evelyn's betrothed husband, Vernet Brandon.

One glance at his face, and Mrs. Dalton saw something had excited him.

"What is it, Vernet?" she said.

He sat down beside her and drew an open letter from his pocket, then looked at her earnestly.

"You will tell me the truth, I know," he said, his voice trembling with emotion. "Is Evelyn your daughter or not?"

Mrs. Dalton grew pale, and was silent for a few moments; then she answered:

"Evelyn is only my adopted daughter, but she is very dear to me."

"Tell me, do you know who or what she is? Mrs. Dalton, is she a foundling left at your door?"

"She is, but no child of my own could be dearer to me. However it happened that Evelyn came to be left as she was, she is a lady by instinct."

The young man was silent for several moments, then he said, speaking slowly, his voice almost inaudible:

"Mrs. Dalton, will you answer me a few more questions? Then I am satisfied."

"Yes; it is your right."

"When Evelyn was found had she around her neck a chain, with a locket attached to it—a locket with the letters 'E. F.' set in pearls?"

"She had."

"Has she on her neck a red mark like a strawberry?"

"She has."

"Then this letter speaks only the truth," he said.

"It tells you, Vernet, who Evelyn is, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Would you be kind enough to allow me to see it?"

"Pardon me. No."

The lady's gentle face flushed, but she continued:

"Surely you might let me, who has been her mother for years, read it, Vernet."

She looked at him as she spoke, and noticed that his face was white as death.

"I cannot," he said; "but, Mrs. Dalton, plead with Evelyn to marry me at once."

At this instant Evelyn herself came in, a smile on her lips and her eyes glowing with welcome for her lover.

When a lover pleads as Vernet Brandon did he is seldom refused, and when he went away Evelyn had promised to be his wife in two weeks from that day.

The two weeks passed quickly, but somehow during them Vernet looked anxious and worried; but the wedding-day dawned at last.

Ah! what a bright, clear June day it was—the sun shining, the birds singing, all nature smiling and joyous, as if to usher in the occasion with every auspicious omen.

In the quiet old village church they were married, and people said that a fairer bride never stood there before; and Vernet thought that Evelyn looked like a vision in her robes of misty white, her pearly, fair face glowing through the costly veil that shaded it.

The words were spoken that made them one: there was a wedding breakfast, and then, half smiles, half tears, Evelyn started on her wedding tour.

Two months later they returned, and she was installed in the stately house of the Brandons: for Vernet was their only son—their only child, and the young people made their home there.

It was an old saying in the neighborhood that the Brandons would yet get their pride pulled down, for it was almost unbearable; and yet it was not an arrogant pride, it was more a cold, haughty exclusiveness that surrounded them.

Old James Brandon had often said, in his pride, that he would rather see his only, his idolized son dead than married to one whose family was not what it should be. But he was well pleased when Vernet wedded beautiful Evelyn Dalton, for the Daltons were an old and respected family, and that Evelyn was not their own child he never suspected.

So beautiful Evelyn was welcomed to her new home, and all was happiness for a while—all was happiness till Evelyn one day received a letter, and that evening stole out to meet the writer of it beneath the bright starlight.

And there she heard a tale that blanched all the lovely color in her face, that caused the light to fade from her eyes.

From that day Evelyn was changed. She grew pale and delicate, and it seemed as if something was always preying on her mind.

One evening Mr. Brandon, passing along the road, thought he heard the voice of Evelyn. But why should she

be out so late? He was passing on, when suddenly out from the shadow passed a slender, graceful form, and one glance told him it was his son's wife.

She did not see him; but flew up the pathway, and entered the house by one of the side doors.

From that day James Brandon watched Evelyn, and one evening saw her meet a dark-eyed youth, and saw her—or was he dreaming, perhaps going mad?—saw her give him a roll of bills.

When she turned for home he faced her.

"Well, madam," was all he said, but she grew white as death, her form swayed slightly, and without a word she fell forward at his feet, cold, silent and lifeless.

With no compassion on his face, he lifted her and carried her into the house, then laid her on the sofa.

Ring the bell, he called for assistance, and when Evelyn's own maid came in he told her to see to her mistress.

He then sought his wife.

"Where is Vernet?" he asked.

"He went across to Moorland," she said; "he will not be back until evening. He told me to tell you."

He then told her of Evelyn's meeting with the stranger.

When Evelyn opened her eyes, two cold, hard, questioning eyes were bent over her.

She essayed to speak, but Mr. Brandon stopped her with a gesture.

"I will speak," she said, "and you must listen. I know what you believe, but it is not that. The man I met, the man to whom I gave the money, is my brother. I will tell all, then do what you will."

They both looked at her.

"I am not Mr. Dalton's own child," she said. "I am a foundling; in pity they took me in; I was a deserted baby, lying at their door."

Another long pause—a pause in which her breath came and went hurriedly, in which her cheeks flushed and paled by turns.

"I am the child of a convict," she said.

"Did you know this when you became Vernet's wife?" said Mr. Brandon.

"As heaven is my judge, I never dreamed it. Had I known it, I loved him far too well to marry him with that knowledge in my heart."

Mrs. Brandon's face softened, but Mr. Brandon gave no sign of emotion.

"Evelyn," he said, "I will give you your choice. You say you love Vernet. Prove it by going away. If not, I will tell him all, and if he refuses to sue for a separation I will turn him from my door. Will you come between him and his inheritance? He must either give you up, or all hope of ever receiving a cent of mine. If you will go he will never know the story. He will think of you as dead. He will think some accident happened to you."

When Vernet Brandon came back that evening no fair face greeted him, no tender smile welcomed him, but he never dreamed the truth—never dreamed that Evelyn was even then away—far away from those she loved—never dreamed that she knelt in bitter agony on the floor of a wayside inn, almost praying for death in her passionate sorrow.

Days passed, and it seemed to all who knew him that

Vernet Brandon was going insane for the loss of his wife.

"It is a wonder," his father said, "that she did not go to her mother."

His son looked at him.

"Father," he said quietly, "you know that Evelyn was only Mrs. Dalton's adopted daughter."

"And you know it, too," his father said.

"Yes, I know it," he replied. "I knew who she was and what she was before we were married."

"Then tell us," his father said, "whom we were honored in having for a daughter-in-law."

"I need not tell you; you know it already, father. Yes, lest you think I shrink from saying it, she was the daughter of a convict."

"Therefore no fit wife for you, my boy."

"You learned the truth; you drove my wife away; but I will find her, should I search the earth; my love will lead me to her."

"Vernet," his mother said beseechingly; but he turned to her coldly.

"Were you not my mother," he said, "but only a woman, with a mother's heart, could you see what is dearer to me than my life driven from your door?"

"You threaten to disinherit me," turning to his father; "again you played upon Evelyn's childish heart. Disinherit me you cannot do. This moment I put it out of your power. A cent or a cent's worth belonging to you I will never take, either during your life or at your death, unless the day comes when you will take Evelyn to your heart and home, when you receive her as my honored wife; and if that day never comes, you will never look upon my face again."

The next moment he was gone; the father and mother were alone.

* * * * *

Three years had passed, and still Vernet Brandon had not found his wife, neither had his foot crossed the threshold of his father's door. But at last he found her—not among scenes of want and poverty, as he had often pictured her. The world had been ringing with the praises of a new authoress, whose first book had been a perfect gem; and one of Vernet's dearest friends had fallen madly in love with the authoress. One evening he told Vernet the story of his love and his rejection; and in return Vernet told him the story of his lost love, and showed him the miniature of Evelyn.

Charles Graham looked at the pictured face, then grasped his friend by the hand.

"My fair love and your lost wife are one and the same," he said. "Vernet, that is the face of Marion Clyde, the authoress of the 'Story of a Heart.'"

Vernet was soon in the presence of his wife, and Evelyn knew the loyalty and tenderness of the heart of her husband; and, clasped in his arms, she thanked God for the love whose value she now knew; and when old Mr. Brandon died, Vernet was his heir, for years before that happened, Evelyn had gone back with full and free forgiveness, and no one ever dreamed that the beautiful wife of James Brandon's son, the mother of his golden-haired grandchildren, was a convict's daughter.

GOOD READING

The region about Bernwala, in Ceylon, was not long ago afflicted with a veritable plague of snails. Through these animals are extraordinarily prolific, they do not often appear in sufficiently large numbers to make themselves obnoxious.

Twelve young men arrested in various parts of the west end of Queens borough, New York, the other Sunday by members of the strong arm squad for disorder on cars and elevated trains faced Magistrate John A. Leach in Hunter's Point Police Court. Upon each of the twelve a fine of \$10 was imposed, with the alternative of going to jail for ten days. Few of the dozen had the money and the others were allowed to send for it.

Cobbling is recognized as a trade in the vocational schools of Buffalo. Several schools are now set aside for teaching trades to young boys and girls, and the latest addition to the course is one in cobbling. A competent instructor has been engaged to teach the young men how to repair shoes. There are a number taking up the course, and it is certain that the trade will not become extinct with the young generation studying the principles of rejuvenating old shoes.

Almost continuous earth tremblings and an increase of activity of the eruptive forces of Mount Colima volcano have recently caused the people of Zapotlan to flee in a panic to places of safety. Showers of volcanic ashes are falling over a large territory. Fears are felt that the town of Zapotlan may again be destroyed. It is recalled that on March 25, 1806, an earthquake, which preceded a violent outburst from the volcano, killed more than one thousand people in the town and destroyed most of the buildings.

The police of New Rochelle, N. Y., arrested a fashionably dressed man who was wandering about New Rochelle recently, acting queerly. He was committed by City Judge Samuel P. Swinburne to the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane at Poughkeepsie. The man, who has the appearance of a wealthy Italian, and says his name is Enrico Dylenzi, cannot remember where he lives or anything about himself. He has told the police that he was a physician, an artist, a veterinary surgeon, and a gentleman. He speaks English fluently, and without any foreign accent. His clothing is of the best material, and of latest New York fashion.

Two lads entered the notion store of Joseph Reiss, No. 4610 Third avenue, New York, the other day. Women were purchasing various articles. The lads quietly reached a counter. One of them seized a pocketbook and ran, followed by his companion. Reiss caught one lad near the door. The little captive drew a corn knife and slashed Reiss across the face. Reiss held to the lad until his shouts attracted a policeman. The lad said he was Daniel

Yaufman, seven years old, of No. 229 Forty-first street. His companion escaped with the pocketbook. After a doctor had patched up his wounds, Reiss went to the Children's Court and made a complaint against the lad, who was held by Justice Ryan.

Rosie Gravelin, ten years old, is under arrest at Waterbury, Conn., charged with housebreaking and horse stealing. She is the leader of a little gang of depraved children, seven in all, who broke into two stores and divided the "swag" like veteran yeggars, shaking dice for the odd fragments of candy, cigars and pennies. They also broke into the home of Mrs. Angeline West. Rosie boosted two little boys, six years old, through the window and they got a gold watch, three pins of value and a chain. They then stole a horse tied near the public green and were having a joy ride to Winsted when they were overhauled.

In Italy at the present day cigars are given to soldiers as part of their daily rations, but in 1848, to protest against the Austrian dominion, the Italian patriots renounced tobacco, which was a government monopoly. The Austrian government, to retaliate, supplied cigars gratis to their army, and the soldiers blew the smoke from them into the Italians' faces by way of sneer and defiance. The Italians not only abstained totally from smoking any sort of tobacco, but they snatched the offending cigars forcibly from the Austrians' mouths, throwing them into the gutters. This was one of the many causes of friction which ended in the ejection of the Austrians from Italy.

Mrs. Mildred Cody, the wife of Maurice Cody, a writer connected with a magazine, was beaten and robbed on the Annadale Road, Annadale, Staten Island, N. Y., the other afternoon. Mr. Cody telephoned to the Staten Island police last night that he had found his wife unconscious, and asked that assistance be sent and an inquiry started. District Attorney Fach and Detective Sergeant Smith of the St. George station went to the Cody cottage. Mr. Cody said he had found the front and rear doors of his cottage locked, and finally forced the rear door. All the doors of the room had been locked on the outside. He had forced the door of his wife's room and found her unconscious on the floor. He had tried to arouse her, but failed, and called in neighbors to aid him. With their assistance Mrs. Cody had been revived, but she had been unable to tell a very clear story of what had happened. From what she had said it was gathered that a strange man had entered the house and demanded money, and when she refused beat her in brutal fashion. Her assailant took some money away with him. Mrs. Cody said the robber entered the cottage between 3 and 4 o'clock, so that she must have lain unconscious for several hours. Dr. Devlin said she was suffering mainly from shock and nervousness, and was not otherwise seriously hurt. A revolver with one chamber empty was found in the hall of the cottage.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

DIRIGIBLE UP 9,925 FEET.

A world's record for altitude for dirigible balloons was made the other day by the scout dirigible Conte, an air-ship belonging to the French Army, which attained a height of 9,925 feet. The altitude record for dirigible balloons was hitherto held by the French military dirigible Adjutant Reau, which, on Dec. 7, 1911, ascended to a height of 7,053 feet.

NUGGET IN CHICKEN.

They feed the chickens pure gold in Gold Hill, Ore., at least that is the conclusion reached by W. H. Kenworthy of the Medford fish market, who recently found a gold nugget in the craw of a hen imported from that city.

The nugget was about the size of a pea and was perfect in every way. It assayed \$1 pure gold. It is expected that Gold Hill chickens will be in great demand hereafter.

REX BEACH NOT GOING BLIND.

Friends of Rex E. Beach, the author who, it was reported, was going blind, visited the novelist recently in his Summer home at Lake Hopatcong and learned that the report was false. Mr. Beach is in the best of condition, having fully recovered from the slight attack of iritis from which he was suffering about two weeks ago. The novelist was at work on a new story when his friends called to see him.

STUDEBAKER GEMS STOLEN.

Jewelry worth \$12,000 to \$15,000 was stolen the other night from a safe in the Summer home of George M. Studebaker of Chicago at Little Boar's Head, near North Hampton, N. H. The police believe the combination of the safe was turned by an expert locksmith. The theft was discovered by Mrs. Studebaker just before midnight when she went to the safe and found it open and the jewels missing. A roll call of the servants showed that William Thomas, the butler, was missing.

GOT \$10,000 BOOK FOR \$9.

A 1760 edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," one of the rarest in the world, has just been unearthed in San Francisco in a second-hand book shop. This sensational find was made by Theodore Kytka, a hand-writing expert, who was looking for samples of inks that had held their color for hundreds of years.

He did not know of his fortune until he read a cable message from London a few days ago stating that J. Pierpont Morgan had purchased John Bunyan's copy of the "Book of Martyrs" for \$10,000. Kytka paid \$9 for his book.

Thomas Burns, cashier at the Sub-Treasury and an authority on old books, who pronounced the book purchased by Kytka as one of half a dozen of its kind in existence, offered a stack of \$20 gold pieces for the volume, but Kytka refused.

WIRE KILLS BOY AND RESCUER.

Sammis Bolles, 10 years old, of Brentwood, N. Y., was killed by an electric shock here the other afternoon, after he had climbed a telephone pole, and George Williams, a farm hand, was killed while trying to rescue him.

Young Bolles climbed to the top of an iron support that held a number of electric wires. His right hand came in contact with a live wire, and he received a shock that caused his death. His body fell across a network of wires and hung suspended.

Williams, who was at work in a field nearby, heard the screams of the two other boys who were with Bolles, and he hurried to the rescue. He climbed up the iron support until he was able to grasp Bolles's foot. As soon as he caught hold of the boy's foot, Williams received the full force of the current, and he and the lad dropped to the ground together.

LOST HIS TEETH AND POSITION.

Because of the absence of his upper front teeth, Adelbert Gross, Pueblo, Col., has lost his position as official court interpreter. On account of the great number of court cases arising here in which various nationalities are involved, an expert linguist is required to interpret the testimony.

Gross can speak fluently seven languages, but when he undertook to interpret the testimony offered by three Slavonians in court, he found that he could not make either the court or the witnesses understand him.

He recently suffered an accident which deprived him of his upper front teeth. Although he understood the language of the Slavonians who were in court, the lisping dental sounds conveyed by their mother tongue were lacking, and as a result the case had to be postponed until another interpreter with the required number of teeth is found.

BOYS TO GUARD FORESTS.

Under the direction of the State Game, Fish and Forestry Department, companies of the Michigan Forest Scouts, auxiliary fire wardens organized for the purpose of protecting frontier life and property and assisting in the reforestation of untimbered areas, are now being formed throughout the State.

The department believes that it has made no mistake in placing the auxiliary surveillance of its forests in the hands of the boys of the public schools, and it expects these boys to make good.

The companies organized are located in the smaller villages and towns, where the boys are near the forests, and where there is more danger of forest fires.

Hardly a year passes but millions of dollars' worth of merchantable timber is destroyed by fire in Michigan. It would be impossible to determine the value of the seedlings and saplings which are destroyed yearly.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.

With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

INDIAN FINGER TRAP.

A couple can be joined together and their struggle to be released only makes matters worse. It will hold them as tight as a rat-trap, and the more they try to pull away, the tighter it grips. Our traps are extra long. Price, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

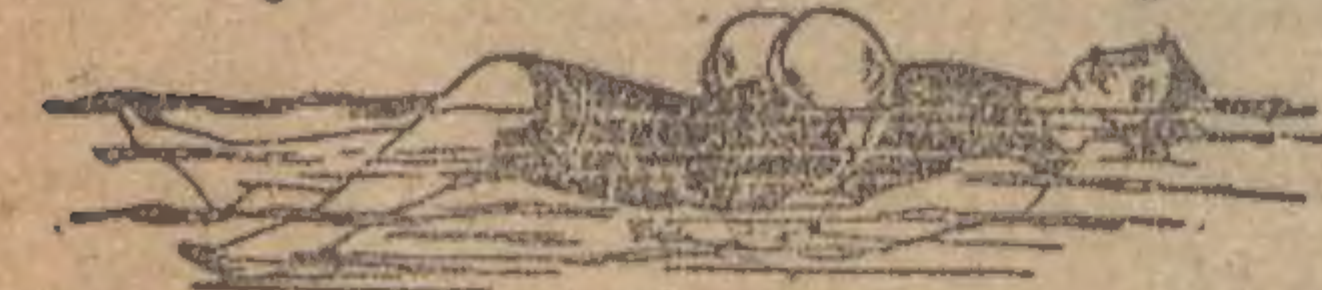
J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

IMITATION CIGAR BUTT.

It is made of a composition, exactly resembling a lighted cigar. The white ashes at the end and the imitation of tobacco-leaf being perfect. You can carelessly place it on top of the tablecloth or any other expensive piece of furniture, and await the result. After they see the joke everybody will have a good laugh. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two ring-marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.

A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. SENARENS,

347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANARCHIST BOMBS.

They are small glass vials, and contain a liquid chemical that produces a horrible odor. When dropped in a room, they will make every person present rush out, holding their noses. In a few minutes the smell will disappear. Perfectly harmless. No danger of any evil effect. The only risk is that your friends may make you smell one of the bombs yourself, if they catch you. Price, 10c. a box, or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS

Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.



Solid-breech
Hammerless

.22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York City

BOYS!

THE AMERICAN YOUTH is just the kind of a magazine you have been looking for. It's a high-class illustrated monthly filled with Exciting Serials and Short Stories of Pluck and Adventure, Prize Letters, Club Notes, Essays, Jokes, Poems, News Items and Instructive Articles of intense interest to every live boy. There are departments devoted to Boy Scouts, Stamps and Coins, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry and Mechanics. Every month a beautiful illustration adorns the cover page, and special attention is given to the Boy Scout Movement. Boys, don't be without it, for it's a boy's best companion. Send 25c. in silver for a whole year's subscription. THE AMERICAN YOUTH, Dept. 0, Joplin, Mo.

Asthma

& HAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., 437 Poplar St., Sidney, Ohio

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

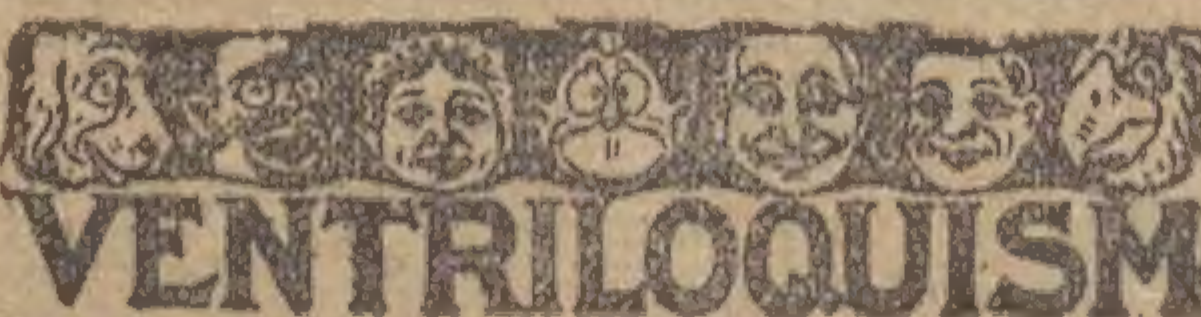
Ventriloquists Double Throat This roof of mouth; always Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 60 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. K, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Money order or U. S. stamps. No coins.

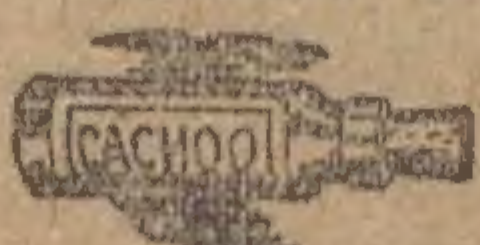
PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



VENTRILLOQUISM

Almost anyone can learn it at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room D 63-523 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK

With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK CUN FOB



The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nicked buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

YOU ALL WANT THIS MEDAL!

You Can Get One for Six Cents!

Has a picture of Fred Fearnot on one side and Evelyn on the other. The chief characters of



"WORK AND WIN" The Medals are beautifully fire-gilt. In order that every reader of this Weekly may secure one or more of these medals, we have put the price away below cost, as you will see when you receive it. Send to us THREE TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMPS, and we will send the medal to any address, postage paid, by return mail. REMEMBER! You can secure as many medals as you want.

Address your envelope plainly to FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher 165 West 23d Street, New York



PICK-ME-OUT PUZZLE.

The head is finished in black japan, and in the mouth is a highly polished steel ball. The puzzle is to pick out the ball. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL,
425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to stunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MAGIC DIE BLOCK.



A wonderfully deceptive trick! A solid block, two inches square, is made to appear and disappear at pleasure. Borrowing a hat from one of the audience, you place the block on top, sliding a cardboard cover (which may be examined) over it. At the word of command you lift the cover, the block is gone, and the same instant it falls to the floor, through the hat, with a solid thud, or into one of the spectator's hands. You may vary this excellent trick by passing the block through a table and on to the floor beneath, or through the lid of a desk into the drawer, etc. This trick never fails to astonish the spectators, and can be repeated as often as desired.

Price, 35c., postpaid.
J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

BUBBLER.



The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 12c. by mail.
H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

LATEST GIANT TYPEWRITER.



It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly; the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large, expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full instructions for using the machine. Price complete, \$1.00.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE FINGER THROUGH THE HAT.



Having borrowed a hat from your friend, push your finger through the crown of it, and it is seen to move about. Though very amusing to others, the owner of the hat does not see the joke, but thinks it means to destroy his hat; yet when it is returned it is perfectly uninjured. Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

RAVELLING JOKE.



Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone fails for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

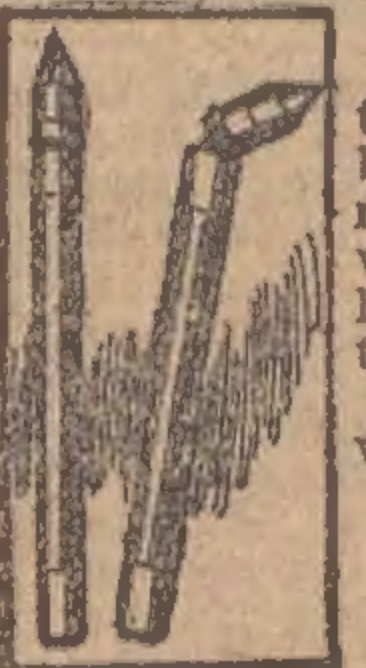
LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.



This powerful little instrument is made of oxidized metal. It stands on two supports made the exact length, to get a sharp, 1-inch focus on the object to be magnified. There is a high-powered lens of imported glass mounted in the circular eye-piece. It can be used to detect impurities in liquids, for examining cloths, or to magnify any object to enormous size. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price, 6c. each, postpaid.
M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

SLICK TRICK PENCIL.



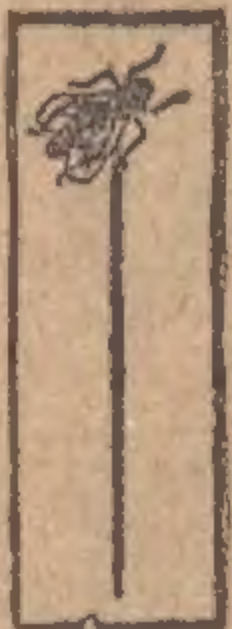
This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

IMITATION FLIES.



Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THREE COIN REGISTER BANK



One of latest and best novelties on the market. It adds and registers Nickels, Dimes and Quarters put through the same slot. It holds coins to the amount of Ten Dollars, and then opens itself automatically. One lever action does all the work. Other banks only hold one kind of coin, whereas this one takes three kinds. The three coin bank is handsomely finished, is guaranteed mechanically perfect, operates with ease and accuracy, and does not get out of order.

Price, by express, \$1.00

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

RUBBER TACKS.



They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price by mail, 10c. a box of 6 tacks; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SLIDE THE PENCIL.



The pencil that keeps them guessing. Made of wood and lead just like an ordinary pencil, but when your victim starts to write with it—presto! the lead disappears. It is so constructed that the slightest pressure on the paper makes the lead slide into the wood. Very funny and a practical joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.
H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PIN MOUSE.



It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned on your or somebody else's clothes, will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there's no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.
H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.



This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.



This one is a corker! Get a box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot.

Price, 15c., postpaid.
J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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